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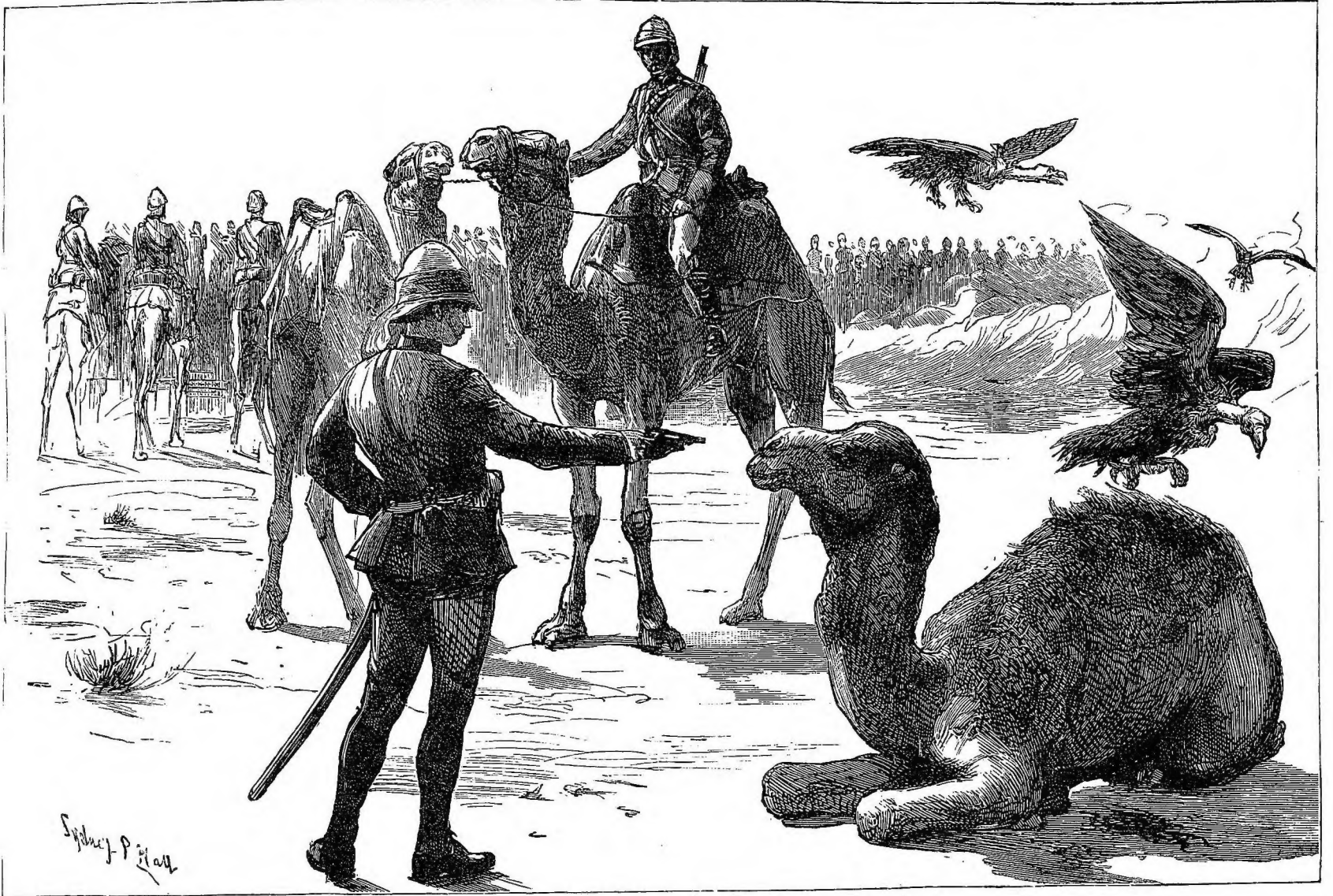
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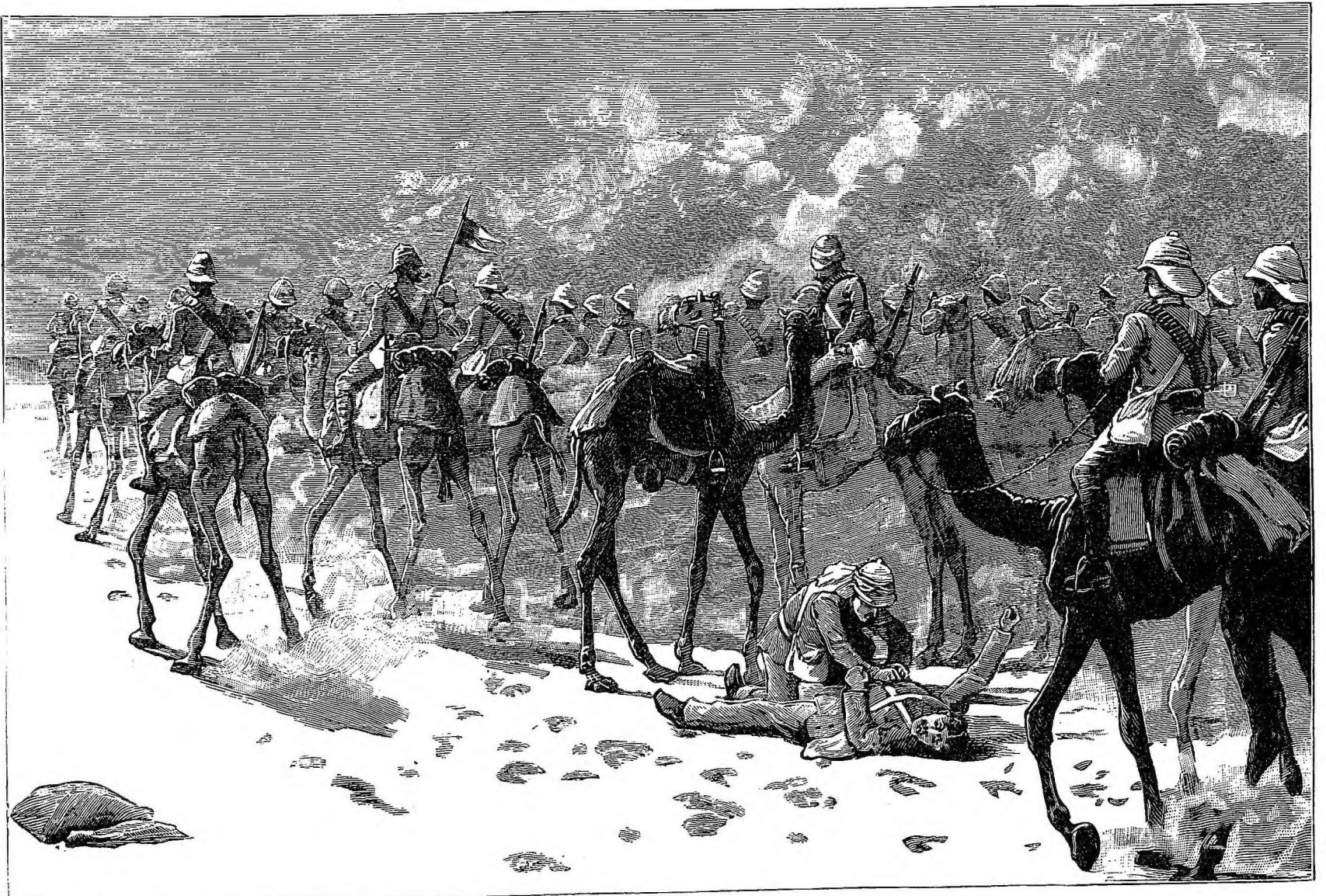
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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THE COUP DE GRACE—AN INCIDENT OF THE DESERT MARCH TO GUBAT



"DOWN WITH THE SUN"—AN INCIDENT OF THE DESERT MARCH TO GUBAT

THE NILE EXPEDITION
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

WHY ARE WE GOING TO KHARTOUM?—After all that has happened in the South-East of Europe since the Herzegovina revolt began, ten years ago, it is scarcely probable that public opinion in this country will sanction Sir Henry Layard's proposal that we should solve our Egyptian and Soudan difficulties by a cordial alliance with the Sultan of Turkey. But the question which he asks, and which we have used as a heading to this article, is highly pertinent at the present time, and Parliament will fail in its duty to the nation if it does not insist on an explicit answer from the men (some would say the old women, but old women are not necessarily feeble and foolish) who are now in office. The position of affairs is this. The Government are fitting out an elaborate and costly expedition, comprising not merely strong military reinforcements, but the apparatus for making a railway from Suakim to Berber, and they have also accepted offers of assistance from the Colonies. Yet, in spite of all this bustle and fuss, do the members of the Government really know their own minds? Have they agreed upon any definite policy, or are they still drifting, drifting on, alternately impelled by the breath of the two mighty and hostile deities, Jingo and Scuttle? If it were merely the Government which was drifting towards the abyss, the world would not care particularly; but unfortunately they are carrying the country along with them. We trust we may find ourselves mistaken when Sir Oracle Gladstone opens his mouth, but at present it looks as if he and his colleagues were immersed in their usual chronic condition of vacillation. There is something contradictory between the intention to make a Suakim-Berber railway, and the appointment of Prince Hassan as High Commissioner with Lord Wolseley. The one looks like British occupation of a tolerably permanent character; the other betokens a clinging to that fatuous plan of governing by means of puppets which has wrought so much mischief in Egypt Proper. Nor are Lord Ripon's utterances any more reassuring. He deprecates a "war of revenge," as, of course, every one does who is worthy of attention. But he also raises his voice against a policy of annexation either in Egypt or the Soudan. These last words fill us with apprehension. They show (for Lord Ripon is an "inspired" speaker) that the Government is bent on going on in the same old evil way as heretofore. If we really mean to clear out of the country, leaving the Egyptians and the Soudanese to settle their own affairs, for Heaven's sake let us do so as soon as possible, without shedding a drop more blood or spending a sixpence more money than we can help. But if we intend (and, now that Gordon is beyond our aid, this is the sole justification for the new expedition) to try and make the Soudan peaceful and contented, let us give up this hypocritical talk about not annexing, for we know well enough that we shall be compelled, in order to carry out our designs, if not to annex, at any rate to exercise considerable authority for years to come. How much more sensibly the French managed in Tunis!

A VOTE OF CENSURE.—The leaders of the Opposition have, it is said, decided to record their opinion of the Egyptian policy of the Government by moving a Vote of Censure. That the Ministry deserve to be censured would be denied by hardly any one outside the Cabinet; for there is no political party which they have succeeded in satisfying. They have given equal offence to Radicals, Whigs, and Tories; and we may doubt whether even Ministers themselves are really of opinion that they have invariably, or generally, pursued the right course. At the same time, if a Vote of Censure is to be proposed, it is inevitable that the country should ask whether the Opposition have displayed much more wisdom than the Government; and it is not at all certain that the answer to this question would be perfectly satisfactory to Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. The mistakes of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have no doubt been severely condemned from time to time; but the criticism of the Conservatives has always been of a strictly negative character. Again and again they have been urged to expound a policy of their own, but they have never ventured to go beyond the expression of vague general principles which are capable of more than one interpretation. Even now, when England needs, as she has seldom done in the lifetime of the present generation, the guidance of strong men, no one knows what the Tory chiefs would do if they were raised to power. Would it, therefore, be prudent or safe in existing circumstances to overthrow Mr. Gladstone's Government? It may be doubted whether many Liberals will think so. The chances are that the motion for a Vote of Censure will be rejected, and that on those who have created our troubles in Egypt will rest the responsibility of bringing them to an end. It may be expected, however, that the proposal will have some good results, for it will give independent Liberals an opportunity of forcing some plain truths upon the attention of the Ministry, and it may compel the Conservatives to arrive at definite conclusions as to the objects which they themselves, if they were in office, would seek to attain.

MODERN MIRACLES.—It is useless to expect that the crippled and the sick will not be caught by stories of healing miracles such as those which a Salvation Army captain has

been performing at Hanley. People who suffer will fly to anything for remedy—even to patent pills, spiritualism, and pilgrimages. At Fécamp 150,000 quart-bottles from a so-called holy spring are sold yearly; at Lourdes the retail business in water is twice as large, and the grotto is hung with the crutches of hundreds of people who are said to have come lame and to have gone away jumping. In some cases these cures have been quite genuine, for a strong nervous excitement will unquestionably do wonders. Not long ago, a man who was suddenly seized with delirium in one of the London hospitals leapt up, and began slashing at the patients in the beds all around him with a knife. One patient, who had been lying helpless for days under a stroke of paralysis, as it was believed, got so frightened that he recovered the use of his legs, and bounded down stairs with most gratifying agility. A man endowed with strong will-power may exercise ascendancy over weak-willed folk, and cause them very rapidly to shake off a nervous disorder. A "stroke" of the Oxford University Eight, who is now a clergyman, once declared that he could conquer a toothache by vowing emphatically, "I won't feel it." "Well," answered a sceptical friend, "I think I could say that of another man's toothache." But probably the aquatic athlete could have mastered both his own and his friend's toothache by the process indicated. In the last year of the Second Empire a French Zouave, named Jacob, wrought "miracles" of healing in Paris; and at length old Marshal Forey, who had a leg and an arm paralysed, was persuaded to go and consult him. The Zouave bawled in a voice of thunder: "En avant! marche!" and gave the Marshal a shove which threw down that illustrious warrior on his knees. This displeased the Marshal; but the experiment was not a fair one, for in the case of a private soldier speaking to a superior officer the moral ascendancy which is the main-spring of miraculous action was wanting.

RAILWAY PROFITS.—The half-yearly railway reports recently issued are not cheering to shareholders, inasmuch as they announce for the most part a reduced rate of dividend. This result is owing to the general depression of trade, and it is most marked on a line like the North-Eastern, which lives chiefly by its carriage of minerals, and which therefore suffers especially from the torpid condition of the coal and iron industries. We can but hope for brisker trade, which no doubt will come all in good time. Meanwhile we may venture to hint to those reformers who would put a heavier income tax on realised property than on annual earnings, that the people who receive a regular snug income, undisturbed by the fluctuations caused by bad trade, bad harvests, and other disturbing influences, are but few in number. In a highly-organised society like ours, no member can suffer without the other members suffering also; and those persons who have what are called fixed incomes have really insured against uncertainty by accepting a lower rate of interest for their money. All this that we are saying is as old as the hills, but it is worth repeating, because there is such a lot of crude Socialistic theory about just now. To turn to another subject, that of railway classes. The three classes, we venture to think, just suit the main strata of English society, but it looks as if one of the three would soon be universally abolished. Now that the speed of all classes is practically equal, and that the third are usually cushioned and comfortable (on the big lines going northwards they are certainly too comfortable to please the soul of a dividend-seeking shareholder), few passengers go second-class. It is the same as in modern politics. Whiggery seems lukewarm and insipid. We are most of us either true-blue Tories or out-and-out Radicals. So in the railway train, we either sit in exclusive sweldom in the first, or herd with "the vulgar" in the third class. The second is practically deserted. But if the Great Northern carry out their threat, and, like the Midland, abolish the second, what will become of gentlemen's servants? Hitherto, the second-class has been their haven of refuge. Fancy the disgust of John Thomas, or of Mdle. Melanie, the lady's maid, at being relegated to the society of a party of platelayers, reeking of rusty iron!

THE CRIMES ACT.—The Irish Nationalist Party are preparing to offer bitter resistance to the proposal for the renewal of the Crimes Act; and it is possible that they may be supported by a few extreme Radicals. It is incredible, however, that they will have the sympathy of any considerable number of English members; for, unfortunately, there are no signs that order could be maintained in Ireland by the ordinary powers which the law places in the hands of the Government. On the contrary, the hatred of the discontented party for England seems to be more violent than at any previous period. Many brave Irish soldiers are fighting by the side of Englishmen and Scotchmen in the Soudan; but this has not prevented Mr. Parnell's followers from exulting over our difficulties, and rejoicing at the fall of Khartoum as if it had been an Irish victory. Moreover, not a word has been uttered by any important Nationalist politician in condemnation of the dynamiters; and some significant hints have been thrown out to the effect that it is not the business of those who are agitating for their country to discourage "any description of Irish patriotism." As long as this mood lasts England cannot hope to be able to guarantee the safety of life and property in Ireland by the means which suffice in quieter times. The National League has now taken the place of the Land League; and if the new organisation is not yet quite so powerful as its predecessor, that is due simply to the fact

that Lord Spencer has the exceptional authority which is necessary for checking its operations. If it were free to act as it pleased, the No Rent cry would once more be raised; and we know too well the kind of horrors with which the cry would be attended.

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.—Solicitors will be admitted to plead in all the Courts before long, because the idea that Law Courts exist only for the enrichment of a few barristers is one that has quite served its time. Litigants must be allowed to decide for themselves by whom their pleas shall be laid before a judge, and a stop must be put to the cruel wrong of adjourning a case contrary to the wish of the suitors because some eminent counsel who has been retained is unable to appear. If a litigant would rather have a case adjourned than let it be tried in the absence of his counsel, that is of course another matter, though an adjournment should never be granted unless it suits the convenience of both parties and of the judge also. It has been argued in the legal journals—where, by-the-bye, strange propositions are maintained every week—that to prohibit barristers from accepting retainers in causes where they cannot be sure of appearing, would be like restricting a doctor to a limited number of patients. But a doctor only takes fees from the patients whom he actually sees. Certainly there are fashionable physicians who pocket five-guinea fees without giving a patient five shillings' worth of attention; but then it is a patient's own fault if he allows himself to be wronged of his money's worth by such personages. In law-suits, however, a man is helpless. His solicitor engages counsel for him, and the gifted being whose services have been retained must be paid whether he has read his brief or not, for otherwise he might say that he had lost a chance of bestowing his services elsewhere. All this is rather confusing to the non-legal mind, but the sum of the whole matter is that in most cases a solicitor could represent his client with quite as much ability and at far less cost than a barrister. Counsel of real talent would be no losers by the proposed change, as there is always a demand for specialists among those who can afford to fee them.

OUR COLONIAL ALLIES.—There is something decidedly pleasant in seeing these thriving young chicks pluming their feathers and preparing to do battle on behalf of the old mother hen; but we confess that we wish it had been in a nobler cause. If the Old Country were threatened by a combination of first-class Powers, there would be something heart-thrilling in the spectacle of the vigorous young communities of Canada and Australasia rushing to the rescue. But it is impossible to feel these sentiments when the enemy consists of various scattered tribes of savages, fanatically brave, it is true, but destitute of European training and discipline, and but scantily provided with modern weapons of warfare. Even we in England have a difficulty in explaining why we are slaughtering the Soudanese; but the denizens of the pine-woods of Canada and of the plains of Australia would find it still harder to give a satisfactory reply. Proud, therefore, though we feel of the martial valour of our Western and Southern kinsfolk, we cannot deny that there is something painful in the idea of men voluntarily crossing the ocean to slay other men with whom they have no cause of quarrel. At the same time, we are quite aware that the Colonials have not joined in this enterprise because they are cruel and thirsting for blood; it is partly because they are fond of spirit-stirring adventures, and partly because newly-born national aspirations are working in their breasts. They offer their services not as mere individual volunteers, but as allies from friendly but practically independent States. At all events, the phenomenon is worth noting. American Independence dates practically from the siege of Louisbourg. The Colonists fought gallantly there against the common foe, the French, and thus learnt their own strength. Their services, however, were very grudgingly acknowledged by the Mother Country, and hence the bitterness which some years later blossomed into open revolt. Let us profit by the experience.

IRISH REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.—It is understood that Mr. Parnell proposes to offer a strenuous opposition to those portions of the Redistribution Bill which relate to Ireland. His pretext is that the measure does insufficient justice to the party he represents; but his real object will, of course, be to postpone to as late a date as possible the consideration of the Crimes Act. The Redistribution Bill as it stands is so far from having the character attributed to it by Mr. Parnell that the loyal party in Ireland look forward to its operation with the greatest dread. Englishmen often talk of the Irish people as if they were practically united against this country. Yet one-third of the population of Ireland are enthusiastically devoted to the existing Constitution, and would regard its overthrow as a terrible calamity. According to Mr. Montgomery, an Ulster Liberal, who addressed a vigorous letter on the subject to the *Times* the other day, the Redistribution Bill will enable this powerful minority to send to Parliament only 17 members out of 103, or barely one-sixth; and these 17 members will include two for the Dublin University. Mr. Montgomery urges that the Redistribution Bill ought in some way to be changed, so that the Loyalists may have a chance of being represented in accordance with their numbers, if not in accordance with their wealth and their intelligence. A good many Englishmen will probably agree that he gives expres-

sion to a genuine grievance; but it is not easy to see how it could be remedied. The principle of proportional representation has met with little favour, and if it is not made the basis of the electoral system in England and Scotland, it cannot be fairly introduced into Ireland. The boundaries of constituencies might, no doubt, be to some extent altered; but it may be questioned whether anything that could be done in this way would have much effect.

CLISSOLD PARK.—It is not clear that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have any right to propose making a present of one of their Highgate woods to the public. Londoners are very anxious to have that wood and others; but it must be insisted upon that the metropolis is quite rich enough to buy recreation grounds for itself. In an agglomeration of more than four million inhabitants—the largest and most wealthy in the world—it is pitiful to hear continual whining appeals to generous private individuals or to corporate bodies to present parks to the people. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, as it happens, are simply trustees of the land which they propose to give away. Their business is to apply the property in their hands to the extension of Church influence by creating new parishes, building churches, and increasing the value of poor benefices. If they so misunderstand the objects of their corporate existence as to part for nothing with land which they might sell at a good price, they are making largesses at the expense of poor clergymen. Why cannot the Vestries, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the City Corporation agree together as to the number of open spaces which it is desirable to purchase, and ask Parliament for powers to levy the purchase-money by rates upon the whole metropolis? The ratepayers would assuredly not object to a call of this kind, and much useful land might then be bought for prices far lower than the public has to pay under the present system of desultory and piece-meal purchase. Clissold Park, at Stoke Newington, is one of the open spaces of North London which ought to be rescued from the builder with the least possible delay. If it be turned into a public park, Stoke Newington may remain for ever a charming suburb; if it gets cut up into building plots the effect will instantly be felt in a diminution of rents, and consequently of rates, over several square miles. It is a pity that Vestrymen do not study political economy a little to learn the difference between productive expenditure and ruinous parsimony.

WRITERS' CRAMP.—We are glad to see that a German physician seems to have discovered a cure for this hitherto baffling complaint, which is wont to afflict persons who have much writing to do, and which is caused by the undue employment of certain muscles and sinews in that complex and delicate organism, the human hand. But while sympathising with such sufferers who, for the most part, do not write because they love penmanship, but because, as Douglas Jerrold said, they have to feed themselves and their families out of the ink-pot, may we venture to hint that in a metaphorical sense it would not be such a bad thing if this writers' cramp, or scribes' palsy—for it is known by both names—were to become an epidemic complaint? In other words, we should like to see the quantity of writing considerably reduced. Everybody—except young ladies, who never seem to get too many letters—receives more postal communications than he wishes to have, and this again involves more writing on his part. As for writing which is intended to be printed, the quantity is awful. The contemporary accounts of all the wars, battles, and sieges of the ancient world do not equal in space the full and glowing details furnished by enterprising correspondents concerning the present campaign in the Sudan. Is there no remedy for this written and printed deluge? Will our descendants of 1985 be to us in this respect as we are to our ancestors of 1785? If so, posterity a hundred years hence will probably find itself under lock and key at Colney Hatch, consigned thither by the so-called savage tribes of the earth, who will have preserved their own bodily and mental health by religiously abstaining from learning to read or write.

HERAT.—There may be no truth in the rumour that Russia lately intended to seize Herat, but she has herself to blame if (as her official journals pretend) she is aggrieved by the report. Her recent proceedings have been, to say the least, decidedly suspicious. She agreed to the appointment of a Joint Commission for the investigation of conflicting claims on the Afghan boundary; but her Commissioners have not yet started for the scene of their proposed labours, and an attempt is being made to open negotiations in London for the settlement of the questions in dispute. Moreover, it is stated that Russian troops have been occupying some part of the territory, the rightful ownership of which was to have been determined after the Joint Commission had concluded its inquiries. Is it very surprising in these circumstances that Russia was credited with the scheme which is now indignantly repudiated? The probability is that she was quite prepared to take Herat if she had a chance of doing so, and that she still hopes to be able to accomplish her purpose. England has often talked vaguely about what she would do in the event of the Russians extending their conquests beyond a certain point; but there ought to be no doubt at all as to the course she would adopt if Herat were seriously threatened. Hitherto it has been possible for Russia to justify every advance she has made in Central Asia; but she

could have no justification for taking possession of a town which has never given her any ground for complaint, and which she herself has repeatedly declared to be beyond the sphere of her interests. If she wants Herat, she can want it only for one reason; and all military authorities are agreed that were this place in her hands the invasion of India would be brought within an easily measurable distance. It is, then, the plain duty of the English Government to let Russia know that at last we have reached the limit beyond which concession is impossible. Should England fail to speak out distinctly about a matter of such vital importance, she will richly deserve all the consequences that may spring from her timidity.

DECREASE OF CRIME.—In giving his statistics as to the decrease of crime in England and Wales, the Duke of Westminster apparently forgot the Summary Jurisdiction Act, which transferred many cases from Quarter to Petty Sessions. Taking the years from 1869 to 1884, it has been shown that although the population of England and Wales increased by more than four millions and a-half in those fifteen years, the prison population decreased by nearly two thousand; but within this period the number of convictions before Petty Sessions rose from 567,000 to 656,000. This does not do away with the contention that serious crime has diminished, and, as the *Times* has pointed out, this becomes a matter for sincere national satisfaction when we compare the condition of this country with that of France. The diminution of drunkenness—by which we do not mean the spread of teetotalism, for the two things are dissimilar—has undoubtedly much to do with this state of things. With our national habit of self-depreciation we shall still be slow to admit that drunkenness is not a British vice; but statistics show that there is far more drinking in France, Switzerland, and Belgium—to say nothing of Germany and Russia—than there is in England. What would be thought of an English gentleman who took a nip of spirits at 11 A.M. to open his appetite for a twelve o'clock luncheon; who at lunch took beer or wine, then spirits again with his coffee; who at four o'clock drank more spirits, *absinthe* or *Kirsch*, and who, after a dinner with wine and spirits, "cooled himself," as they say in Paris, with beer to the extent of three or four tumblers? This is no exaggerated account of the quantity of liquor daily drunk in France by men who pass for sober; and under the circumstances the increase of violent assaults, attempts at murder, &c., among our neighbours is easily explained.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, printed in colours, entitled "TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE," from the Picture by Louis Dupray, in the Graphic Exhibition of Animal Paintings.



THE WAR IN EGYPT

THE DESERT MARCH TO METEMMEH

OUR sketches, by Mr. F. Villiers, our special artist, represent incidents of the second march across the Bayuda Desert of General Stewart when he made his definitive advance upon Metemneh. He left Korti on the afternoon of January 8th, with a squadron of 19th Hussars, a portion of the heavy camel regiment, the Royal Sussex Regiment, and the Naval Brigade. The Blue-jackets were under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, and were not quite so much at home on the ship of the desert as on the deck of the *Condor*. Indeed they created considerable amusement by the methods they adopted for guiding the animals by means of what they termed the tiller rope, while the officers were fain to order them to "port" or "starboard," as if they were still manning the Nile flotilla. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent heard one Jack Tar being ordered to pass the rope across, "as that brute steers better from the port side," while another, who had so loaded his animal with the equipment for the march, was told to dismount and "stow it afresh, as the camel's saddle had a bad list." Tommy Atkins, though far from an immaculate rider himself, was free with his chaffing remarks, and called out to Jack "not to make his head ache," as he was bumping on his beast like a buoy in a gale. Still Jack stuck manfully to his steed, and after a little practice got his craft fairly under control. Their commander, Lord Charles Beresford, however, preferred a more lowly animal—an Arab donkey. Two other sketches by our artist require little explanation. During the march several camels fell down from fatigue and want of water, and to save them from the terrible pangs of a lingering death in the broiling sun some charitable officer would administer a *coup de grâce* to the poor animal in the form of a revolver bullet through the head. "Down with the Sun" illustrates a man of the Sussex Infantry felled by sunstroke during the desert march—one of the four men who were invalided during that trying time. That so few casualties occurred testified to the good physique of the men, whose journey up the Nile had certainly done much to fit them for the hardships of the march. Our artist writes from Gakdul, on January 13th:—

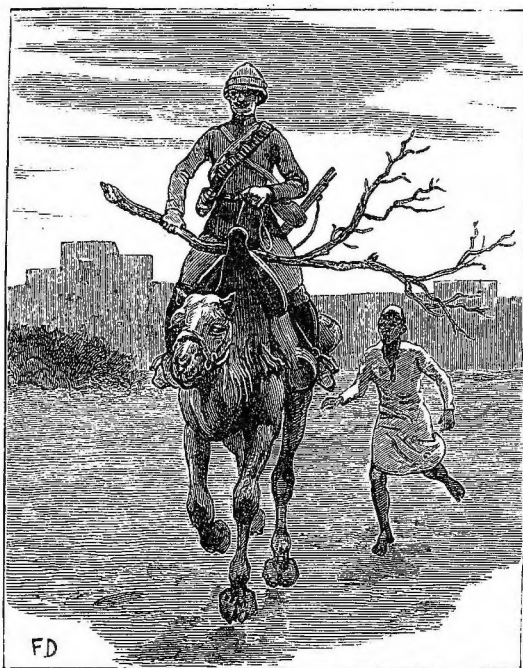
"My sketches must more or less speak for themselves. Lord Beresford and his hundred Blue-jackets looked very original, the men on camels, and their chief on a little white donkey. Jack had a propensity to steer his camel as he would a boat, and used the tiller rope as he might in heaving the lead when he wanted to chastise the ship of the desert. We start to-morrow for Metemneh to meet what we do not know, as we have no intelligence of the enemy. I hope we shall get out of it all right."



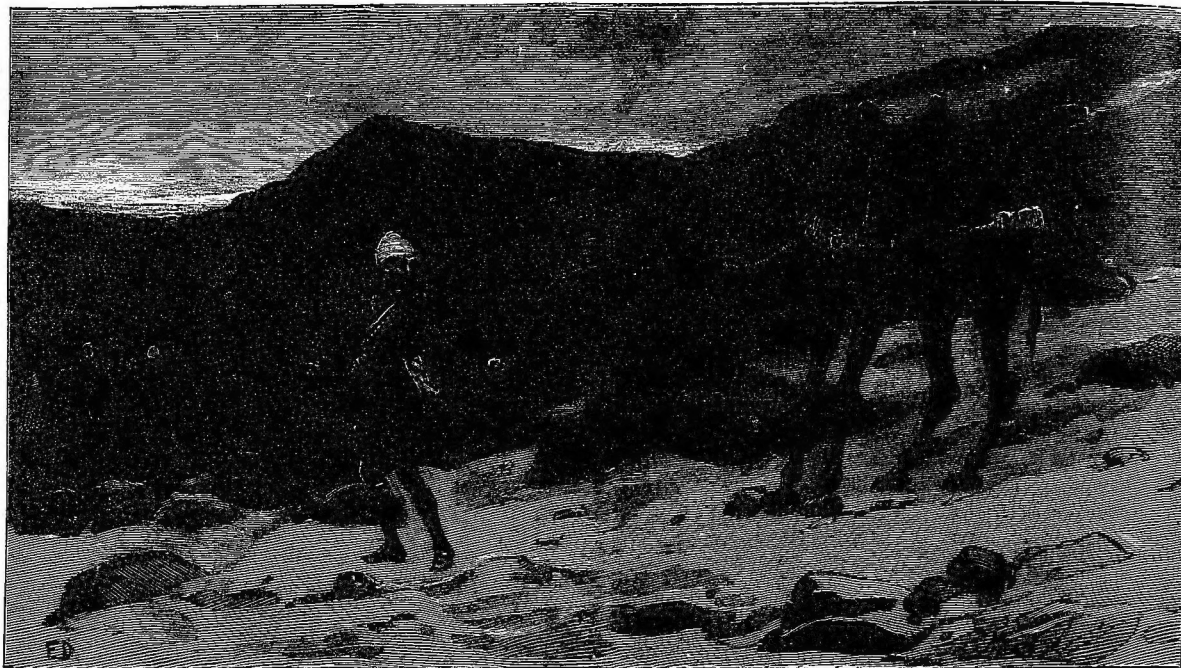
1.—MAKING A PET OF HIM—"GOOD OLD CHAP"



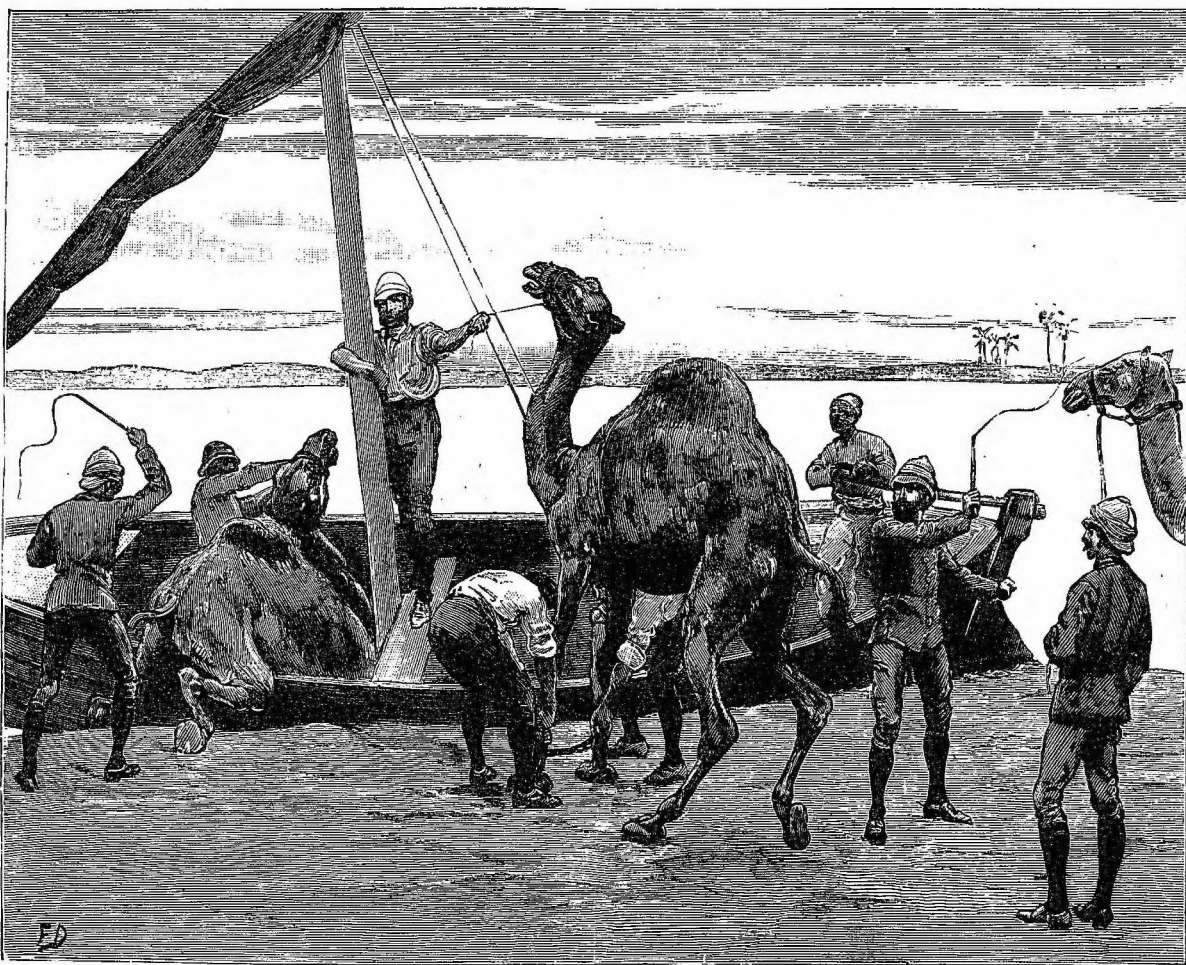
2.—"HAVE A BIT OF CORN"



5.—FORAGING FOR SUPPER



6.—KNOCKED UP—FOUR MILES FROM CAMP

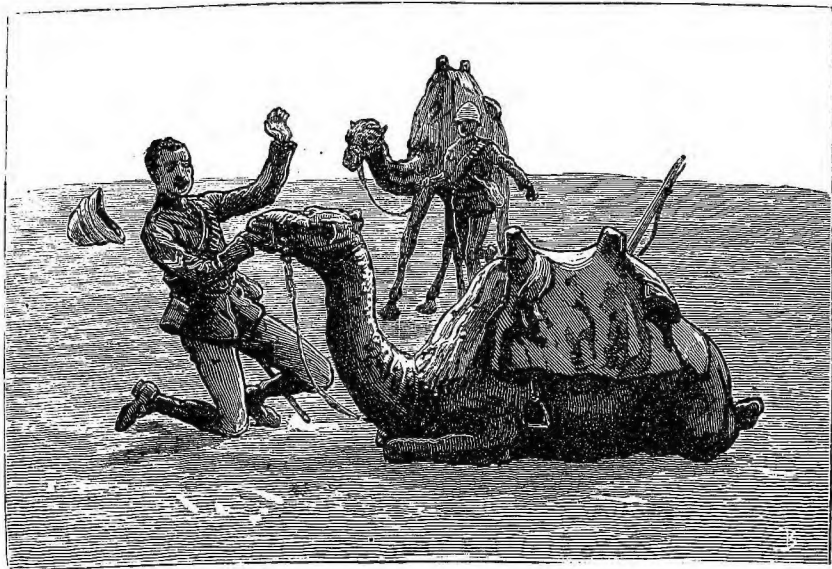


7.—GETTING CAMELS ON BOARD A NUGGAR FOR FERRYING ACROSS THE RIVER



8.—THROWN OVER HIS HEAD

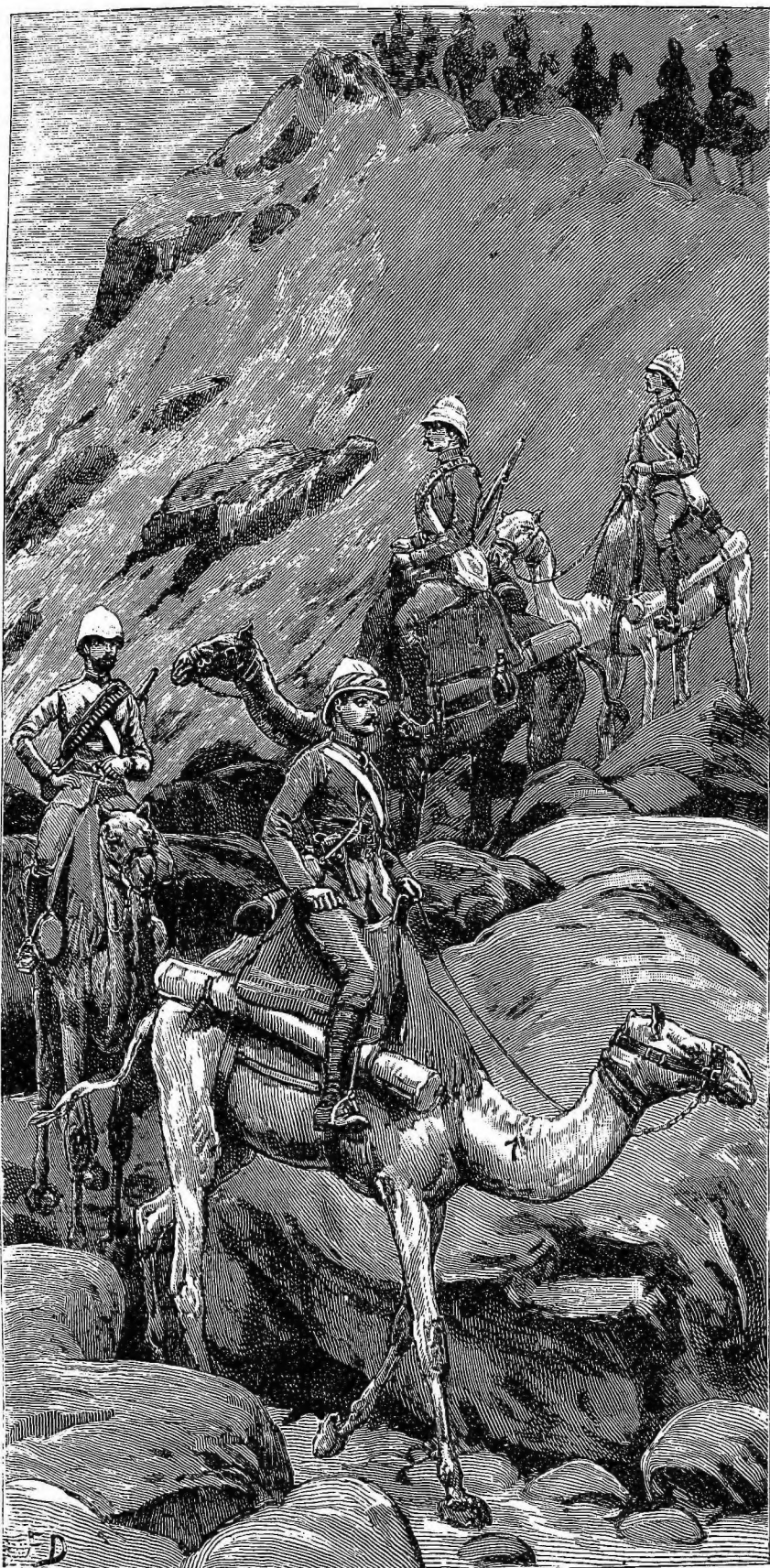
TROOPERS' TROUBLES—WITH THE CAMEL CORPS IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AND A TROOPER OF THE LIFE GUARDS



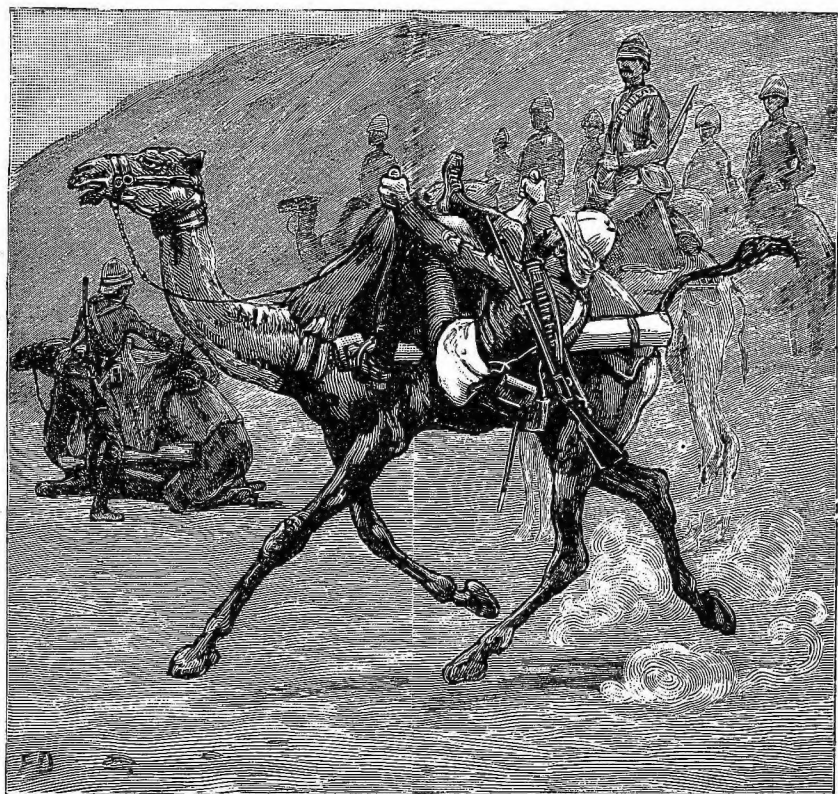
3.—THE BRUTE BITES HIM



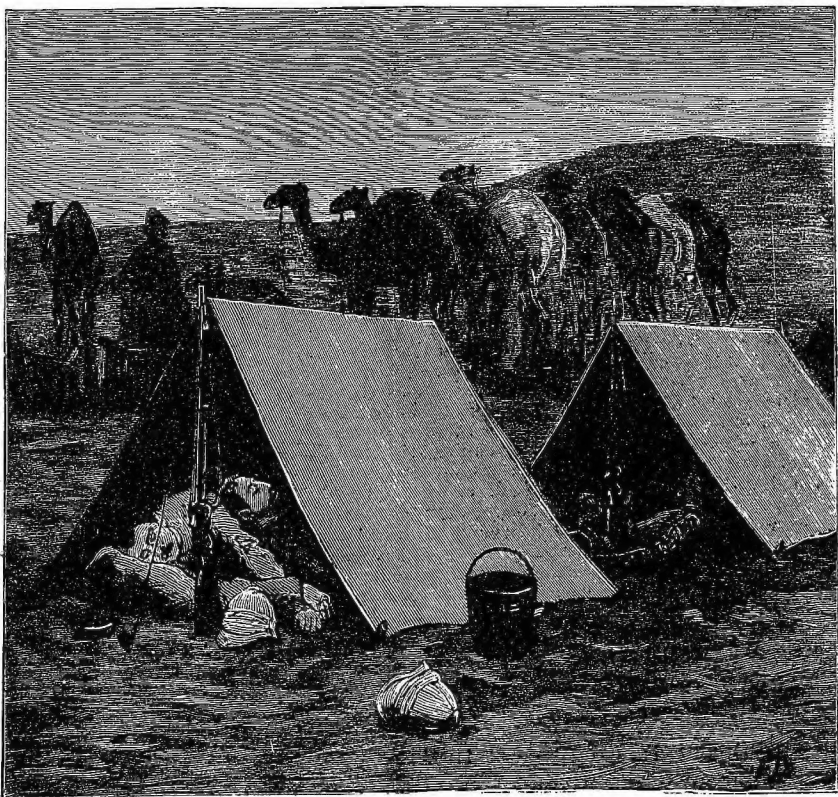
4.—AND HE IS LEFT BEHIND IN HOSPITAL



9.—COMING DOWN A STEEP PLACE



10.—THE DIFFICULTIES OF MOUNTING



11.—A CAMEL CORPS SHELTER-TENT

TROOPERS' TROUBLES—WITH THE CAMEL CORPS IN THE SOUDAN
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS AND A TROOPER OF THE LIFE GUARDS

WITH THE CAMEL CORPS

THESE sketches are from an officer and a trooper of the Camel Corps, and illustrate the difficulties and troubles of Tommy Atkins on his novel steed. Our first sketch depicts a certain corporal who had come into possession of a willing, and what he considered a particularly quiet camel, one which he was assured never participated in the hideous roars and groans indulged in by the majority of these animals. He soon set to work to make a pet of his strange comrade in arms. The animal often fed from his hand, and seemed to appreciate his master's caresses. One unhappy moment, however, Pet, as he was styled, seized his master's hand, and with the result that the unlucky corporal was confined to hospital for many a day, and was unable to go to the front at Merawi with his comrades. "Foraging for Supplies" explains itself; and little need be said about the trooper whose mount was completely knocked up four miles from camp—a by no means pleasant predicament, when the complete absence of water and the probable presence of the enemy's scouts was taken into consideration. Our next sketch is taken on the Nile, and shows the process of embarking camels on board a nuggar, in order to ferry them to the other side. The camel has its two forelegs tied closely together if obstinately inclined as he generally is. Two or more men then lift the forelegs into the boat. He often leaves his hind-legs hanging over board, or falls into the boat bodily, while sometimes he refuses to go in at all, and when a camel has made up its mind nothing but whips can move him. The nuggar is a broad, deepish boat, decked roughly fore and aft, and holds from three to six camels, according to size. It has one mast, about 30 feet high, and carries a lateen sail, which is worked in a surprisingly handy manner considering its clumsiness.

Next we have the usual experience of a beginner in the art of camel-riding. Frequently when there is a check in front, or if a sudden jerk is given to the bridle, or owing to some other trifling cause, the camel will suddenly drop on his two knees in order to lie down, and his rider, if off his guard, will come to grief over his head.

Another sketch shows the camel in a more amiable light, coming down a rugged hill path about three days' march from Wady Halfa; and as regards the next illustration the artist writes:—"This is a position in which we often find ourselves with young and not properly trained camels. Just as the rider is about to mount, having one foot in the stirrup, up jumps the camel, and away he goes, with his tail in the air and his mouth open, making a most unearthly noise." The last sketch, showing the rider enjoying sweet repose after all his labours, speaks for itself.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM EARLE, C.B., C.S.I.

WAS the senior of the Major-Generals on the Staff in Egypt, and was an officer of great and varied experience. Born on May 18, 1833, he entered the army at an early age, joining the 49th Foot, now the Berkshire Regiment—which, by a singular coincidence, is now in Egypt—on October 17, 1851. In the Crimean War he took part in the battles of the Alma and Inkerman, the memorable sortie of October 26, 1854, and the siege of Sebastopol. For his services in the campaign he was specially mentioned in the despatches, awarded the medal with three clasps, Sardinian and Turkish decorations, and the Fifth Class of the Order of the Medjidie. During the Egyptian War of 1882 he commanded the base and lines of communications, being mentioned in despatches published in the *Gazette* of October 6 and November 2 of that year, was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, awarded the bronze medal and star, created a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and awarded the Second Class of the Medjidie. On the commencement of the present operations Major-General Earle, who was commanding the garrison at Alexandria, was at first designated for the supreme command. Lord Wolseley, however, was ultimately selected for this post. The deceased officer, whose later regimental career was passed in the Grenadier Guards, attained the rank of Major-General on October 31, 1880.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mayall, 224, Regent Street, W.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROBERT CHARLES COVENY,

ROYAL Highlanders, was born Nov. 4, 1842. He received his Commission as Ensign of the 23rd Regiment in January, 1862, and in September of the same year he transferred to the 42nd (Royal Highlanders). He was appointed Lieutenant January 30, 1866, Captain May 8, 1875, Major September 29, 1882, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, November 18, 1882. Lieutenant Colonel Coveny took part in the Ashantee War, and was present at the several battles and the capture of Coomassie. He was engaged in the Egyptian Expedition, and was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. He was also present at the battles of Teb and Tamai. At Tel-el-Kebir Col. Coveny had a hand-to-hand encounter with a huge Nubian. They fought with fierce cut-and-thrust for at least two minutes before Coveny disarmed his antagonist. He was about to run him through when the Nubian cast himself at Coveny's feet. A sergeant of the Black Watch rushed up to despatch him, but Coveny said, "Let him alone, he gives in," and speaking to the Nubian in Arabic, bade him go and help to carry the wounded. Later in the day Coveny, who had then received a bullet through the shoulder, saw his late adversary still busily employed with the Ambulance men.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES WILLIAM ALBERT LAW

ENTERED the 4th Dragoon Guards on the 14th January, 1880, and became Lieutenant on the 29th July, 1882. He was killed at the battle of Abu Klea, January 17th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by William Pollot, Darmstadt.

HOW WE LAID A MINE AT SUAKIM

A CORRESPONDENT belonging to the R.M. Battalion thus describes his sketches:—"Rather an amusing incident occurred here a few days ago. Having been worried and our rest broken by the incessant night attacks of the rebels, it was decided to set a mine with the hopes of stopping the nuisance. In consequence of our decision we started out next day to set it. For some nights we had not much success. Our enemies were too sharp, actually disconnecting the mine, and walking off with several yards of wire. At last, however, we were rewarded one night by hearing the mine explode; and many were the suppositions as to how many rebels had gone aloft; on our arrival at the spot next day, however, the success achieved was not what we expected, a hare having run against the wire and set off the mine. Curiously enough, the hare was scarcely damaged, having only the lower part of its head blown off. 'It is an ill wind blows no one any good,' and the C.O. of the Right Water Fort made a good meal off the 'rebel.'"

NOTES AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD

See page 183.

A RUN WITH THE BICESTER HOUNDS

ON Tuesday, February 3rd, the Bicester hounds had a remarkably long run, which was terminated by the fox falling dead in front of the pack. Two horses were killed in the chase, one of which was the mare ridden by Lady Chesham. Our artist sketched her on the spot where she fell, in Chesterton village, near Bicester. Her name was Trousseau, she was a thoroughbred by Outfit, and up to great weight. The other horse which died belonged to Colonel Williamson, who is represented walking along the road carrying his bridle

and saddle. Several other horses were knocked up, and one or two were left out all night. The hounds ate their fox about a quarter-of-a-mile from Chesterton. Altogether, this was quite a sensational run.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. George Paice, 83, Warwick Street, Pimlico, S.W.

WINTER IN RUSSIA—SLEDGING ON THE NEVA

WINTER in Russia is by no means the dull and dreary time which we Londoners, with our muggy and East wind-ridden climate, would fain suppose it to be. Quite the contrary; with the first crisp snow St. Petersburg seems to wake up to life and festivity, gaily harnessed troikas are brought out, while more humble sledges career along the Nevski as though each and all were bringing the first news of the capture of Herat. One of the chief features of winter life in the Russian capital is the constant traffic on the Neva, which, frozen as hard as macadam, is transformed from a waterway to a favourite thoroughfare for sledges—some drawn by horses, others—like those in our illustration—propelled by the ubiquitous moujik on skates. In this manner constant communication is kept up between the capital and the various islands, and there is a regular highway to Cronstadt, fringed—like the road in our sketch—with fir-trees to guide the traveller in a fall of snow or a fog, the carriage road being illuminated at night by the electric light.

LUCILLE DUDLEY

OF the attempted assassination by this lady of O'Donovan Rossa, the professed Fenian and dynamitard, in New York, we have already given a detailed account. The wound, which was inflicted by a small toy-pistol, was not a dangerous one, and the interesting patient has almost recovered. Mrs. Dudley has since been under examination by the police authorities in New York. The magistrate ordered her release, if bail to the amount of 3,000 dollars were provided. The prisoner could have obtained the bail, but, in order to avoid annoyance, she has preferred to remain in the Tombs prison, where she is comfortably cared for.

The story of Mrs. Dudley's previous life is not very authentically known. She is said to have been the natural daughter of a cavalry officer, and, on the death of her mother, was brought up by the rector of a Yorkshire village. Subsequently she came to London, and made the acquaintance of a Mr. "Dudley," by whom she had a child, which afterwards died. It was apparently grief caused by the loss of this baby, or by the flight of its father, which caused her to attempt suicide in a railway carriage. The incident was fully reported in all the London papers a few years ago. She seems to have led a very varied career. She performed in a pantomime at Manchester, but her chief business was professional nursing, and this was her occupation in New York, where she had only been a few months when she took into her head to avenge the wrongs of her countrymen by slaying one of the most prominent, if not the most formidable, of the Irish "Invincible" Association. She has successively borne the names of Lucy Dale, Lucille Vseult Dudley, and Miss Dorigne. She is said to have been very fond of literary composition. "Ouida" was her favourite novelist.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

HARRY BURTON,

THE ALLEGED DYNAMITARD

THE connecting link, it will be remembered, between Cunningham, who was arrested at the time of the Tower explosion, and Harry Burton, whose portrait we now engrave, was a certain brown American trunk, which figured largely in the evidence given.

Harry Burton (this is probably an assumed name) stands about 5 ft. 9 in. in height, and is slightly built. He has very prominent cheekbones and hollow cheeks, with a hectic flush. He has dark brown hair and a light moustache. His features are of a pronounced Irish type, and his accent is strongly American. He was very nervous and anxious while being examined.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

A CHRISTMAS STAMPEDE AT COLOMBO

AT Colombo little enjoyment can be obtained out of doors in the heat of the day with the thermometer at 90 deg. in the shade, and the blinding dust which is a characteristic feature of many Ceylon towns. "Thus," writes Mr. J. L. K. Vandort, to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "in the cool of the evening, towards sunset, the public promenades are filled, particularly at Christmas time, when a ride or drive or walk to hear the band play is a favourite way of passing the time before dinner. As the evenings here change very rapidly, there being no twilight, no sooner are the opening bars of the final air heard than a regular stampede takes place, and the bandsmen are left to finish to an audience confined to the few stragglers poor to drive and too infirm to walk out of earshot before the music ceases. I wrote *final air* advisedly, as that is the British National Anthem, and I did not like to give unintentional offence by attributing disloyalty to the crowd. None is intended, as the Europeans only hurry away to escape the fast approaching nightfall, and reach their homes before dark, while the natives simply take the cue from their rulers, and consider the 'rush' the proper thing to do on such occasions. I have shown in the sketch as many types as possible of the conveyances used in our public promenades. The latest is the *jinricksha*, a light cart with a hood, drawn by one man, and carrying only a single passenger. Mouse-coloured ponies are much sought after here; they are mostly Ceylon-bred, or brought over from Burmah. Flashy planters in noisy costumes appear in town at Christmas, driving a vehicle which, besides the wheels and shaft, contains only a small seat, similar in shape to the bow of a boat. One is seen in the centre of my sketch. The next on the right is an old-fashioned phaeton conveying the family of a Singhalese millionaire—a rupee millionaire—or rich contractor in cocoa-nut oil, cinnamon, or arrack. A better-class man of this kind is seen in a modern landau in the left middle distance. A 'chetty,' with a crimson velvet Portuguese cap and a white suit, drives a mule carriage called a family bandy—an old type of vehicle, but still much used here. Other vehicles are the palankeen carriage, the open four-wheeled American waggon, the bullock hackery, &c."

"TAKING A MEAN ADVANTAGE"

THIS picture, by M. Louis Dupray, is in the collection of animal paintings in the Graphic Gallery. A squadron of French cavalry has halted during some military manoeuvres, and the two leading officers have dismounted to discuss the plan of operations, leaving their steeds in charge of a trooper. Unfortunately the trooper's mount is laden with fresh, sweet-smelling hay, which excites the appetites of his charges. While his rider turns his attention to one horse, however, the other steals a mean advantage, and a mouthful of the hay at the same time, much, we fancy, to the disgust of the trooper's own steed, who foresees short commons for his evening meal if the consultation between the two officers be greatly prolonged. M. Louis Dupray, the artist, is a native of Sedan. He was a pupil of Pils and of Cogniet, and is well known for his paintings of military subjects in the Paris Salon.

"COUSIN ISIDOR"

A NEW STORY, by Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope, and illustrated by Robert Barnes, is begun in this number.



IN ANTICIPATION of the meeting of Parliament on Thursday, and in view of the possibility of fresh attempts at dynamite outrage, the Speaker issued at the end of last week new and stringent regulations for the admission of strangers to the galleries and lobby of the House of Commons. Intimation was also given of a curtailment of the accommodation provided for reporters and of privileges previously allowed to representatives of the Press, among them admission to the lobby. Deputations of remonstrating journalists, whom he received on Tuesday, were, however, informed by the Speaker that the obnoxious regulations would be essentially modified in their favour.

WITH THE WEEK ending to-day will have been completed the embarkation of the expeditionary force under General Sir Gerald Graham. The first troops to embark were the Royal Engineers and the mounted portion of the Commissariat and Transport Corps, who went on board the *Queen*, at Portsmouth, on Tuesday. On Wednesday, the Duke of Cambridge inspected, at the Wellington Barracks, the 1st Battalion of Col. Streams and the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, and at Windsor the 3rd Battalion of Grenadier Guards, bidding, on both occasions, the troops good-bye in pithy and cheery addresses. The inspection and march-past at the Wellington Barracks was witnessed by a crowd of spectators, high and low, among them being the Princess of Wales, with her daughters, in an open carriage. The precision of the marching was much admired, and the troops were frequently cheered. The men, in light marching order, looked very smart and soldierlike, and with each battalion was a company accounted for service as mounted infantry.

WITH CHEERFUL ALACRITY, the Volunteers in town and country continue to place their services at the disposal of the military authorities. Among the offers in the Metropolitan District are those of the 2nd London, the 2nd Tower Hamlets, the 18th and 20th Middlesex, and the 1st and 7th Surrey. The Colonel of the London Scottish (7th Middlesex) has informed the Colonel of the Scots Guards, to which his corps is attached, that fifty of its rank and file, with an adequate proportion of officers, are ready to undertake garrison duty during five days in the week, and 100 rank and file on Saturdays and Sundays. The Colonel of the 22nd Middlesex (Central London Rangers) offers 400 men for garrison duty, and several officers of the same corps are ready to proceed to Egypt, with fifty men and two five-barrelled Nordenfeldt guns.

NOTICEABLE in the extra-parliamentary oratory of the week was the speech in which Mr. Cowen, addressing his constituents, protested earnestly against the scuttling out of Egypt, recommended by his colleague in the representation of Newcastle, Mr. John Morley. At King's Lynn Mr. Bourke, while expressing a wish for the condign punishment of the Government, spoke of the great reluctance of the Conservative leaders to accept office. Addressing Middlesex Conservatives, Lord George Hamilton went further, and said that it would be absurd in the Conservatives to take office under the present conditions. What they had to do was to "purge the Cabinet." But since Lord George Hamilton spoke, the Conservative leaders, it is said, have resolved to accept office if it is offered them.

THE NEW FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, LORD ROSEBURY, being in the House of Peers, Mr. Herbert Gladstone will, it is said, represent the department in the House of Commons.

IS "THE RED FOOL FURY OF THE SEINE" taking up her abode on the banks of the Thames under the auspices of Mr. Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation? Some three or four thousand of the nominally unemployed of London mustered with banners, the bearers of some of which wore red badges, on the Thames Embankment on Monday, and, marching to Westminster, forced their way, despite the resistance of the police, into Downing Street, where a meeting of the Cabinet was being held. Eventually a small deputation of the leaders was received by Mr. G. W. Russell, Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, who explained to them the powerlessness of his department to comply with their requests, one of them being that it should compel the local authorities to provide useful work for the unemployed. The Board was ready to sanction any expenditure of the kind which those authorities might think expedient. After the interview there was a procession back to Cleopatra's Needle, where in violent language Mr. Hyndman and others denounced Mr. Russell's reply as unsatisfactory. Mr. Hyndman recommended another appeal to the Government; after which, if nothing were done, they should say to their rulers: "We are dying of starvation; we demand work, and, if we do not get it, by some of you shall die." The recital of this hypothetical apostrophe was followed by enthusiastic applause, and the meeting broke up with cheers for the "Social Revolution."

ON WEDNESDAY Sir William Harcourt received a small deputation of working men representative of the London unemployed, on whose part, when introducing them, Mr. Arnold White repudiated the inflammatory statements just referred to. Two dock labourers related their experiences, and expressed their repugnance to accept parochial relief and charity in any form. The Home Secretary's reply was sympathetic but guarded. He was opposed to the employment of labour by the State; but the Government would consider the extent and the manner in which local authorities might deal with the exceptional state of things described to him.

THE TREASURY has declined to provide the funds which would be required if the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington were to be opened on Sunday afternoons—an arrangement favoured, it is understood, by a small majority of the Trustees of the British Museum.

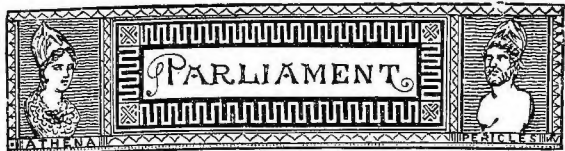
THE NATIONALIST AGITATORS in IRELAND continue to harp upon O'Connell's text, "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." At a meeting in County Galway expressions of sympathy with the Soudanese by Mr. Deasy, M.P., were received with cheers for the Mahdi, and cries of "May he succeed!"

THE MEMORIAL to the late Professor Fawcett, in Salisbury, his birthplace, is to be a bronze statue in the market-place. 800*l.* have been received, and the total cost of the work is estimated at about 1,000*l.*

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, about ten miles off the Eddystone, there was a collision between the steamer *Westernland*, belonging to the Red Star Line, 3,691 tons register, from Antwerp for New York, and the steam collier *Helmhurst*, 299 tons register, from Fleetwood for Cowes. There was a dense fog in the Channel, and both vessels were going at a minimum speed, with their whistles constantly blowing. Suddenly each heard the other right ahead, and the engines of each were at once reversed, and put full speed astern, but in spite of this the *Westernland* struck the *Helmhurst* with such force that the latter was cut down to the water's edge, and sank almost immediately. The captain and two of the crew climbed up the bows of the *Westernland*. The second mate was hauled up by one of the ropes, which, with buoys and boats, were immediately lowered from the *Westernland*, and others were thus saved. It was found, how-

ever, that four of the crew, including the first mate, were missing. The survivors have been landed at Plymouth by the *Westernland*.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Viscount Avonmore in the Sudan; in his sixty-sixth year, of the Hon. G. T. Talbot, great-uncle of the Earl of Shrewsbury, from 1860 to 1879 Director-General of the Military Store Department of the India Office; in his sixty-fourth year of the Hon. E. C. Curzon, uncle of Lord de la Zouche, formerly Registrar of the Copyright of Designs, and since 1863 Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies; of General P. F. Story, of the Bengal Cavalry, who entered the army sixty years ago, and who, serving under Sir Charles Napier in the Scinde Campaign of 1843, was present at the battles of Meanee and Hyderabad; at the advanced age of eighty-seven of the Rev. T. Worsley, D.D., Master of Downing College, Cambridge, an office which he had held for upwards of forty-eight years, a contributor to theological literature; of the Very Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick, a Home Ruler of the school of the late Isaac Butt, and a fearless denouncer of Fenianism; in his fifty-third year, of Mr. E. C. Rye, librarian to the Royal Geographical Society, a distinguished entomologist among other accomplishments, and editor of the "Zoological Record"; and of Mr. J. F. Campbell of Islay, brother of Lady Granville, formerly a Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, author of "Frost and Fire," and other contributions to geological and scientific literature, and of "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," orally collected by himself.



BOTH Houses of Parliament met on Thursday under circumstances peculiar, if not unprecedented. We are not unfamiliar in these busy times with the House concluding a laborious Session in August, and taking it up again in October or November. What is new is that Parliament should meet in February, and that there should be no Queen's Speech and no Address. Thus it came to pass on Thursday. Members dropped in, and took their seats with a more or less successful effort to look as if they had been away for the Easter or Whitsun recess. There were no unhappy men arrayed in military or naval costume sitting behind the Treasury Bench awaiting the signal at which they should rise, and, hampered by their unaccustomed garb, make speeches of decent length and wholly innoxious character. This absence of a Queen's Speech and of the moving of an Address in reply will not be regretted in this column, where through successive years, with perhaps tedious iteration, the loss of time attendant upon the now obsolete ceremonial has been bewailed. In recent years, in increasing degree, the debate on the Address has been seized as an unassailable vantage ground for obstruction. In moving the Address at the commencement of the Session, and in passing through its stages the Appropriation Bill, with which the Session is wound up, there is limitless opportunity for desultory talk. At the time when these safeguards of the Constitution were invented there was no such thing as obstruction, and consequently no practical harm ensued. But we have changed all that, and it is pretty certain that when next the procedure of the House of Commons is dealt with the debate on the Address will become a thing of the past.

The attendance of members was very large, and the air was evidently full of excitement. Three weeks ago the assembling of Parliament promised to be an unemotional affair. All the fighting around the Reform Bill had been done in the winter session of the Session. The long-clouded sky overhanging Egypt seemed to have cleared. General Gordon was almost within hand-grasp of Sir Charles Wilson. Mr. Gladstone was to greet the newly-assembled Parliament with the news that there were no more difficulties in Egypt. In a moment all this was changed. Khartoum had fallen, and with it Gordon, sword in hand. The object of the expedition was lost, leaving England on the threshold of an illimitable war. This changed the whole aspect of affairs.

A great deal had happened since the House last met, and the attention of members as they thronged it was first directed towards the Chamber itself. Harrowing pictures had been published of benches, cushions, and portions of the gallery flying about. Mr. Gladstone's seat in particular was represented in a state of chaos. Windows were broken, walls were cracked, and a hole was made in the floor big enough to hold the speeches of a Session. Except in a certain newness here and there, no testimony remained of the dynamite outrage. It might have been a disordered dream for all proof members could find of it in the aspect of the House. But, as many of the public discovered, evidence was gratuitously tendered in proof that the explosion was not forgotten. The building bristled with policemen, and no one not having special authority was allowed within measurable distance of the doorways, or within touch of the sacred person of an hon. member.

These somewhat inflated attempts to lock the door when the steed had gone reached their climax in a new edict with respect to the accommodation of reporters in the House. A decree had gone forth that the principal writing-room, which for nearly twenty years has been allotted to the use of the gallery reporters, was henceforward to be closed against them, and no effort was made to provide accommodation elsewhere. The reason given for this procedure was that this particular room stood in a corridor which led to the immediate precincts of the House. Any reporter having had the good fortune to get a "short turn" in his box might, the authorities of the House thought, be tempted to while away his leisure moments by conveying parcels of dynamite to convenient spots. To baulk this endeavour the principal writing-room was to be closed, and the reporters, every one of whom is vouched for by the Sergeant-at-Arms' own ticket, were to be left to make what arrangements were possible to them for carrying on their business. It is to be hoped in the public interest that this is not a fair specimen of the intelligence displayed by the curators of the House of Commons. It is not defensible on any grounds. It would have effected no purpose in the way of precaution, it would have harried a number of hard-working public servants, and it threw an unwarrantable stigma upon an honourable profession. The general impression was that not many days would elapse before the new rules were withdrawn, an expectation justified forty-eight hours before Parliament met.

One notable feature in connection with the gathering was the comparatively small number of notices given. When a new Session opens it is customary for at least a hundred notices of motion to be given. In olden times (not very old either) notices of motion on the first day of a Session rarely exceeded twenty. But then business was meant, which is far from being the case now. There was an interesting reason why the number on Thursday should have fallen far below the average of recent years. It will be remembered that during the Autumn Session much doubt existed as to the course that would be taken by the Government with respect to the prolongation of the sittings. It was originally summoned as a Session complete within itself. That is to say, it was opened by Royal Commission, and was intended to be closed with the same formality, the Session commencing in February this year standing by itself. But towards the middle of November, when a crisis between the Lords and Commons was approached, it began to be whispered that the Session

would be adjourned, not prorogued. Some smart member instantly saw his opportunity. If the sittings of this year were to be part of the Session that opened in October last year, there was no reason why days should not at once be fixed for notices of motion. He accordingly, amid much merriment, gave notice of a motion for a desirable day in March, and subsequently secured other favourable opportunities of presenting himself to the House. But there was a method in this apparent madness, and immediately members came forward in crowds with notices of motion, with the result that before the House met on Thursday nearly every desirable day up to the end of July had been appropriated for motions or Bills.

It is difficult to forecast the character of the new section of the Session upon which we have now entered. A military disaster in Egypt would have considerable effect upon the position of the Ministry. Otherwise, the general opinion, not confined to the Liberal side, is that they have nothing particular to fear from hostile manifestations by the Opposition. The debates on the Redistribution Bill must—except when varied by the mechanical fury of the Parnellites—necessarily be of an unemotional character. Intending candidates have already entered into arrangements with particular divisions, and will not be inclined to see the details of the Bill disturbed, bringing the necessity of their commencing in a fresh place. But, however we may fare in the beginning and middle of the Session, there is no doubt of the turmoil which will arise at the end. The Government are convinced of the necessity of renewing the Crimes Act, and in view of a General Election the Parnellites may be reckoned upon to excel themselves in obstructing the passage of the Bill.



THE dramatic event of next week will, of course, be the production on Thursday of Lord Lytton's posthumous play *Junius*; or, *the Household Gods*, at the PRINCESS'S, with Mr. Wilson Barrett in the character of the patriot hero, Miss Eastlake as Lucretia, and Mr. Willard as Sextus Tarquin.

Mr. Godfrey's new adaptation, *The Opal Ring*, has had but a short career at the COURT Theatre, where this evening it will be superseded by Mr. James Albery's version of *Les Fourchambault*. Originally brought out at the Haymarket under the title of *The Crisis*, this comedy, or rather drama, which has been revised for the occasion by the adaptor, is now to be known as *The Denham*. Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Clayton, Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Conway, and Miss Rose Norreys will all take part in the performance.

In the approaching revival of Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback* at the LYCEUM Theatre Miss Mary Anderson will, of course, play Julia. Miss Pateman will represent Helen, Mr. Terriss Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Arthur Stirling Master Walter, and Mr. Herbert Standing Modus. Tuesday next is the date fixed.

Mrs. Langtry has, it appears, been definitely engaged to play in French at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris this summer. She will appear in Madame Pasca's famous part of Fanny Lear. The character is that of an English actress and a famous beauty, and the play is rather of a melodramatic character. Madame Pasca was wont to assume in this part an English accent. Probably the English actress may find this task easier than her predecessor did, though she speaks French, we believe, with fluency and ease.

Miss Helen Barry, who since her marriage with Mr. Bolam has not been much seen upon the stage, will reappear at a morning performance at the GAIETY, on Thursday next, in *London Assurance*.

A new play, entitled *A Fair Sinner*, written by Mr. G. W. Appleton, is to be produced at a *matinée* at the GAIETY Theatre on the 4th of March.

The new play which Mr. Henry Herman and W. G. Wills have written in collaboration is founded on recorded incidents in the life of Charles II. It may be inferred that its tone is rather of a light than a serious character.

Those who are fond of observing Nature's occasional freaks in the construction of the human form should pay a visit to the PICCADILLY HALL. Here they will find four dwarfs; all, Fair Traders will be pleased to note, of English growth—or want of growth. General Tot is a smart little man, and has a nice tenor voice; Miss Jennie Worgen, though only 25 inches high, is one of a large family, all fully-proportioned except herself; Prince Midge and Princess Lottie are very tiny creatures, measuring and scaling respectively 21 and 20 inches, and 9½ and 9 pounds. But the chief wonder of the show is the Two-Headed Nightingale, Miss Millie Christine. It is a pardonable showman's exaggeration to speak of these ladies in the singular number. They are really twain, though indissolubly Siamesed together at the spine. They come from North Carolina, and are of negro parentage. They appear to enjoy excellent health, have especially pleasing and winning manners, and do not seem in the least tired of each other's unavoidable company. They sing nicely and dance gracefully. They have been before the public now for a good many years (we saw them as babies during the Crimean War), and they talk of retiring into private life.

The Theatrical Exchange, which has just been opened in commodious rooms in Russell Street, Covent Garden, will doubtless be a convenient meeting-place for managers and actors. It is the aim of the Committee to establish a central rendezvous for the profession, where business can be personally transacted without the help of paid agents. The premises include a large meeting-room, room for rehearsals, ladies' reading and retiring-room, smoking and refreshment-rooms, &c. Mr. F. Hope Meriscord is the hon. secretary and treasurer.

M. Verbeck, who made his first public appearance in London at the Prince's Hall last Monday, is an extraordinarily clever conjuror. He does his tricks without apparatus of any kind, and his palming is extremely neat. Unfortunately M. Verbeck cannot address his audience in English, and despite the efforts of his interpreter, M. Guibal, much of the conjuror's brilliant "patter" must have been lost upon those who had not a thorough knowledge of French. How far M. Verbeck depended on confederacy among members of the audience it is not possible to say. If he had no such assistance his tricks are almost inexplicable. Watches, rings, and cards obey him like animate things; and the confusion of the spectators when articles belonging to others were found secreted in their hats and gloves was most amusing. The second part of the entertainment consisted of mesmeric experiments performed by M. Verbeck on his subject, Mdle. de Marguerit. It was not, perhaps, surprising that numbers of those present who had never before seen mesmeric experiments should believe that this, too, was trickery. But if Mdle. de Marguerit was wide awake when the gold pin was thrust through her arm, when the light of a taper was flashed upon her pupils without causing the least blink, and when, under the influence of music she assumed many graceful attitudes of unstable equilibrium, then she is gifted with mimetic power and facial expression beyond those of any actress on the stage. The successful experiments in thought-transference were the most astonishing of the mesmeric part of the programme. It would be interesting to see how far M. Verbeck's power would extend when exercised upon subjects chosen at random from the audience.



VALENTINES are certainly fast going out of fashion. Last Saturday the number received and despatched at the General Post Office was the smallest ever known since the custom was first established.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS may expect a feast early next month. A whole series of Keats' love-letters and a mass of Byronic correspondence, together with letters of Moore, Rogers, Lamb, Flaxman, and other famous Englishmen, will be sold by auction.

THE QUAIN OLD YORK HOUSE WATER GATE is said to be endangered by the new proposed street from St. Martin's Place to the Victoria Embankment. This interesting relic of old London, the work of Inigo Jones, sorely needs attention, as it is suffering from neglect and steady decay.

VALUABLE OLD COINS AND MEDALS are no longer safely exhibited in collectors' cabinets in Paris, when the collector possesses a fashionable wife. The latest idea in toilettes is to ornament one side of the dress with a thick trimming of precious antique coins, hanging loose like the little chenille balls lately worn.

THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN NASAL TWANG will have quite died out a century hence, so say competent authorities. It is fast lessening among the educated classes, particularly among those who have travelled, and is now most developed on farms and villages in the rural districts. This peculiar intonation, according to the Yankees, comes from the psalm-singing of their Puritan forefathers.

AN INDIAN SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM is being planned in Calcutta by the enlargement of the Imperial Museum to hold valuable economic and industrial collections. When the Museum buildings and grounds were lent for the Calcutta Exhibition it was stipulated that some permanent structure should be erected in return for the accommodation, and the enlarged building promises to form a magnificent pile.

THE JAPANESE UPPER TEN have advanced another step in Western civilisation—they are learning to dance in the European fashion. When present at European balls they find their ignorance of waltzes and quadrilles somewhat inconvenient, so during the last few months the nobility have formed private classes at Tokio, and practise diligently. When perfect one of the Imperial princes intends to give a grand ball to show off the new accomplishment.

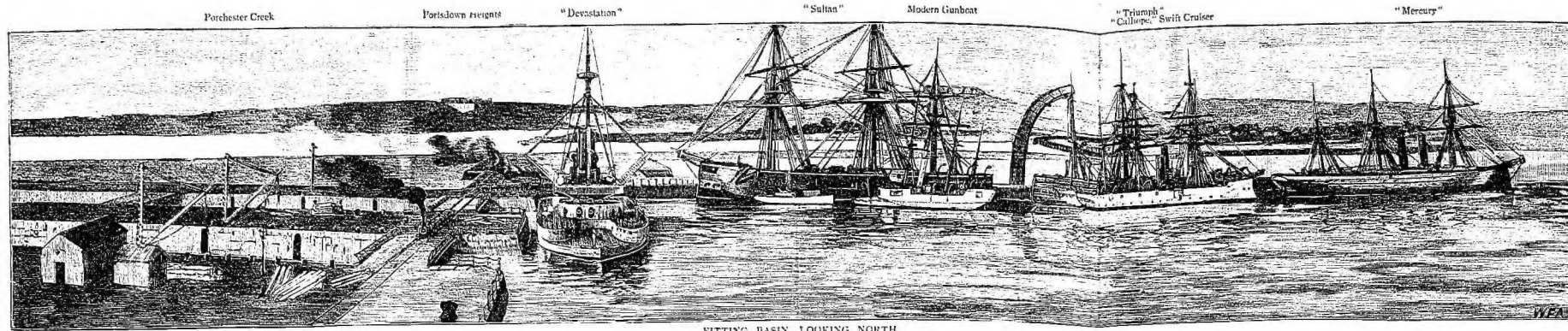
A "BEGGARS' BALL" has carried off the palm for eccentricity among the various Carnival festivities at Vienna. The guests were got up as thieves and rascals of the lowest type, pickpockets, coiners, defaulting cashiers, armed burglars, &c., the ladies wearing the costumes of pétroleuses, chiffonières, and the like. One of the most amusing representations was a group of men quarrelling violently, their faces scratched, and noses bleeding—a parody on the lively scenes in the Croatian Parliament. Prizes were distributed for the best-dressed and sustained characters, and the first medal was won by a Madame Clovis Hugues, whose toilet bristled with tiny revolvers.

A SECOND EXHIBITION OF "PORTRAITS DU SIÈCLE," on the same plan as the collection shown in Paris two years ago, will be held in Paris next May. Last time many most interesting works were excluded for want of space, and it is hoped that these may now be hung, and that collectors will willingly lend their treasures. The Exhibition is organised for charitable purposes by the Société Philanthropique. A most influential Committee has been formed, amongst whom are the Marquis de Montemart (President), Prince d'Arenberg, MM. Arthur Baignères, Germain Bapst, Jules Comte, Paul Deloude, Gustave Dreyfus, G. Duplessis, Ephrussi, Fourret, Comte de Ganoy, Comte d'Haussonville, MM. Nast, Rothan, Vicomte E. M. de Vagué. Offers to lend portraits to this Exhibition would be gladly received by the Committee, and should be addressed to the Marquis de Montemart, President de la Société Philanthropique, 17, Rue d'Orléans, St. Honoré, Paris.

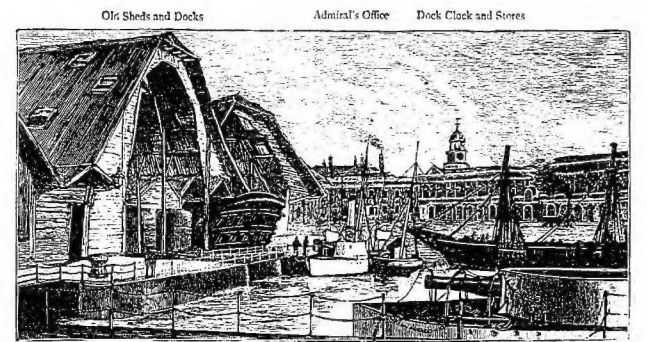
THE RECENT COLD "SNAP" across the Atlantic gave travellers some very unpleasant experiences. Passengers in the Columbia River trains were blockaded for days in Washington Territory, and a local correspondent of the *American Register* relates their trials and troubles. On the second day of the blockade the unlucky passengers had only one meal, consisting of two biscuits apiece and a small portion of a pig which was caught straying near. All the eatables in the train had been previously requisitioned, bacon being fried on the stoves and oysters heated on a shovel. Several people fell ill. One emigrant developed small-pox, and a bride had the measles, getting better in time to nurse her husband, who took the malady before the blockade was over. The sick were comforted with broth made from some old hens, which were caught with infinite trouble, and steeped in a coffee-pot. After a time, however, food was conveyed to the trains in toboggans.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING NATIONAL MUSEUM is being organised at Stockholm, to contain a valuable Scandinavian collection illustrating Norwegian and Swedish life, past and present. For some years past Dr. Hazellius has been gathering together all kinds of objects relating to the industrial arts, the modes of life, and the dwellings of Scandinavia, which were shown to visitors to the Swedish capital, together with the models of Swedish peasant interiors, which were so attractive at the last Paris International Exhibition. Dr. Hazellius has now presented his collections to the Swedish nation, and King Oscar has given a site in the Djurgården, a suburban park, for the erection of a suitable building—the Nordiska or Museum of the North. Now that Sweden and Norway are so often visited by British travellers, English people may feel inclined to aid this scheme, as the Museum must be built by public assistance, and a lottery for this purpose will be held this year. Help, either by the purchase of lottery tickets—one krona (1s. 2d.) each—or by a gift of articles for prizes, will be gratefully received by the Swedish Minister, Count Piper, 47, Charles Street, Berkeley Square; or by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, at the South Kensington Museum.

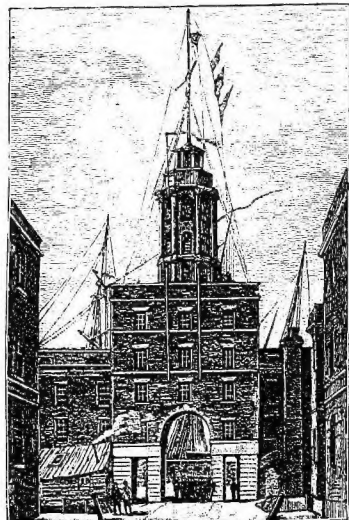
LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,525 deaths were registered against 1,592, a fall of 67, being 480 below the average, and at the rate of 19.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 34 from small-pox (a decline of 17), 28 from measles (an increase of 12), 17 from scarlet fever (a fall of 1), 16 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 50 from whooping-cough (an increase of 9), 10 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 6 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from either typhus or cholera. The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,223 patients at the end of last week, against 1,144 the previous Saturday. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 383, a decline of 38, and were 238 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 42 deaths; 38 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,913 births registered against 2,806 the previous week, being 29 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 46.2 deg., and 7.0 deg. above the average. The mean exceeded the average throughout the week. Rain fell on three days to the aggregate amount of 0.25 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 8.6 hours, against 6.6 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



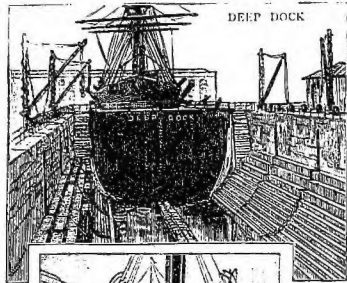
FITTING BASIN, LOOKING NORTH



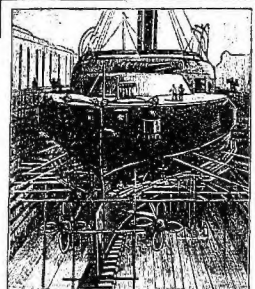
THE OLD BASIN



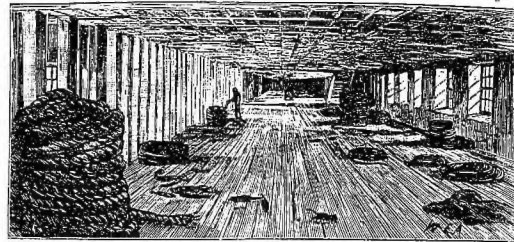
THE SEMAPHORE AND ARCHWAY LEADING TO TROOPERS' JETTY



DEEP DOCK



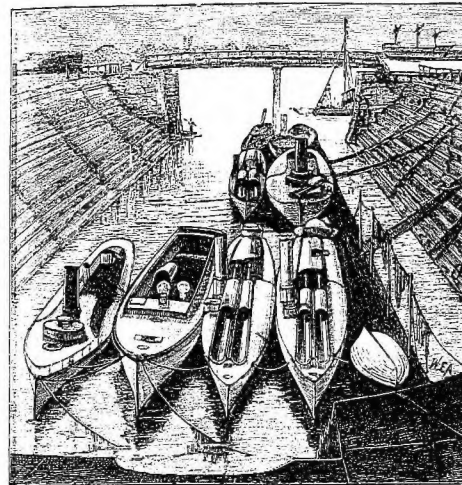
STEM OF THE 'COLLINGWOOD' DOCKED



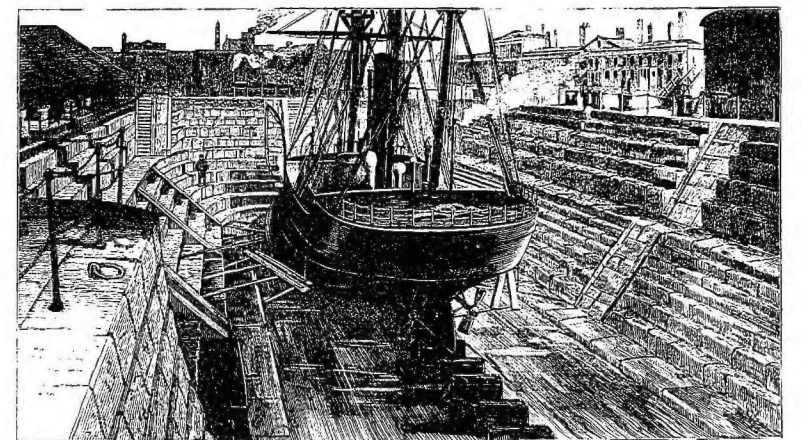
THE ROPE WALK



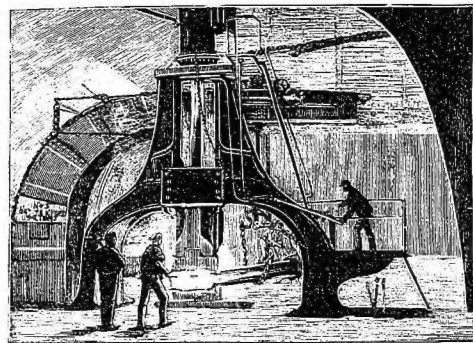
MAST HOUSE, TORPEDO BOATS, AND PRINCE OF WALES' FISHING BOAT



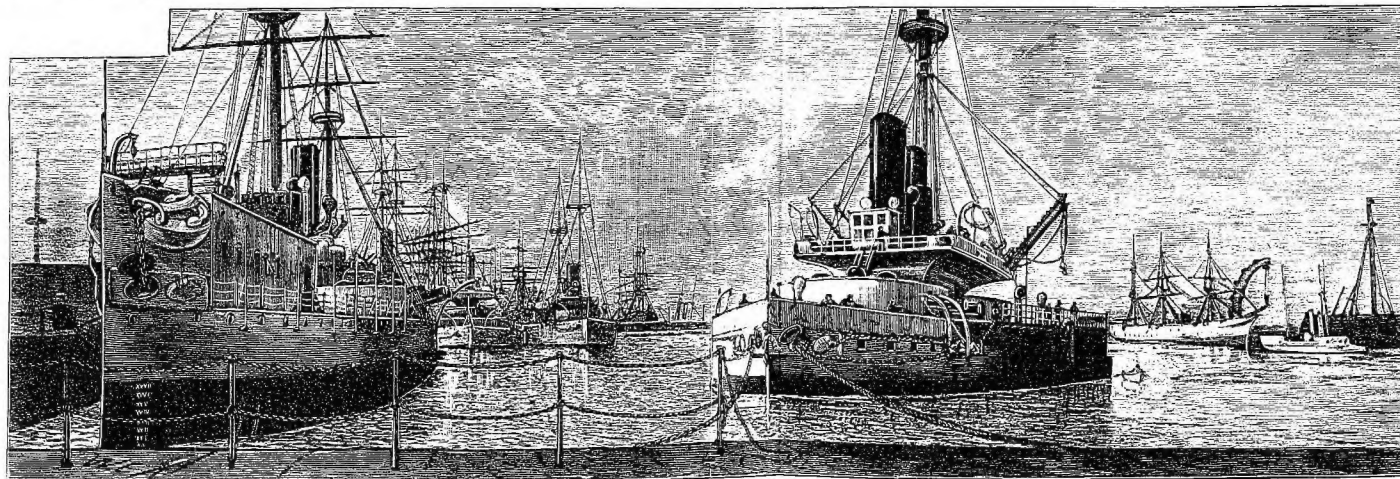
TORPEDO LAUNCHES IN OBSOLETE DOCK



THE 'MEDINA' A LARGE MODERN GUNBOAT IN OLD DOCK



NASMYTH'S HAMMER



'Colossus'

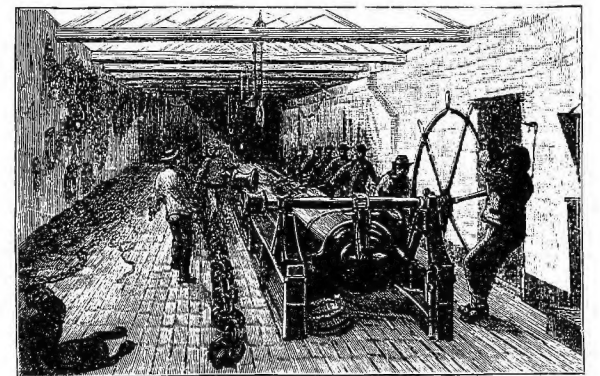
'Lyclops'

'Robert'

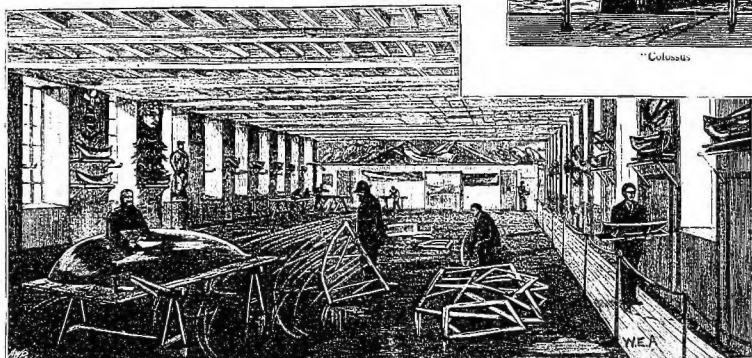
FITTING BASIN, LOOKING WEST

'Devastation'

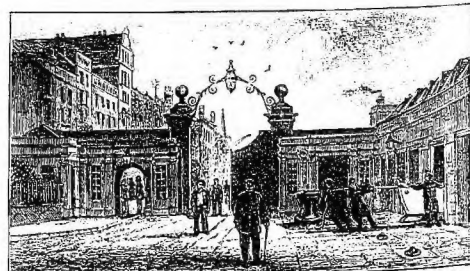
'Active'



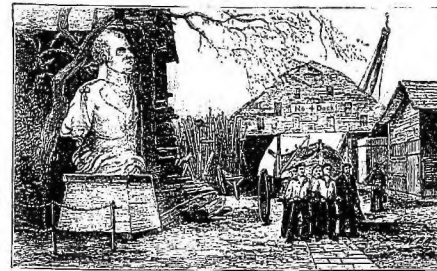
CHAIN-TESTING ROOM



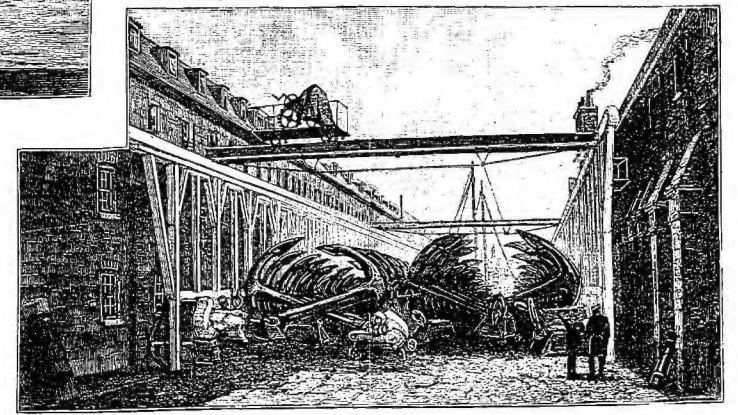
MOULD LOFT



DOCK GATES, LOOKING OUT



KING'S ROAD



ANCHOR LANE



LORD WOLSELEY is still at Korti, busily organising his new plan of action in EGYPT. Sir Redvers Buller having arrived at Gubat, and taken over the command, decided to evacuate the riverside fort and retire to Abu Klea, which he considered a better strategical position. Accordingly, on the 14th inst., the whole of the troops marched out, halted for the night in the desert, and reached Abu Klea the following day. This retreat was probably due to a skirmish on the 13th inst., from which it was evident that the Mahdi was sending powerful reinforcements to Metemneh. A convoy of wounded had left for Gakdul under Colonel Talbot, and when about eight miles on the road was attacked by a large force of the enemy—part coming from Metemneh, and part from Khartoum. A sharp little skirmish ensued, but on the appearance of a detachment of light camelry coming from Abu Klea the enemy disappeared. Our loss was one man killed and eight wounded. The convoy met with no further opposition, arrived safely at Abu Klea, and reached Gakdul on Tuesday. Amongst the wounded being conveyed was General Stewart, of whom Lord Wolseley reports that "his wound is doing well, but he is suffering somewhat from fever." The Mahdi is stated to have left Khartoum with a considerable army. It is currently believed that he intends to make an attempt to surround our little force, and extensive preparations are being accordingly made for the defence. Lord Charles Beresford, who has been patrolling the river with his two steamers, so as to prevent as far as possible the enemy erecting fortifications and securing supplies, has abandoned the steamers, rendering them useless to the Mahdi by removing the essential portions of the machinery. Contradictory accounts come to hand that the Arab troops at Metemneh, where the Emir of Berber, according to some statements, is in command, are declared to be in a wavering condition, and unwilling to fight the English. Other rumours, again, state that the French renegade, Olivier Pain, commands the garrison.

Further reports of the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon continue to come in dribblets, differing in details but mainly agreeing in substance. Thus the statement that Gordon was stabbed in the back is denied, and he is said to have been shot by a party of the rebels whom he met in the streets after the gates had been opened by the traitor Faraz. The treachery of this Pasha is now placed beyond all doubt; but he appears to have met with his deserts, as he is said to have been hanged by the Mahdi. There seems to have been little fighting, but the only Europeans spared were the Greek Consul, Nicola, and a doctor, the Austrian Consul, Herr Hansal, being amongst the slain. According to the report of Abd-al-Derim, one of General Gordon's servants, a fugitive from Khartoum, no women or children were killed, but this man does not appear to be wholly above suspicion, as a large sum in gold was found in his pockets. Another refugee, a Greek merchant and a trusted messenger of Gordon, declares that a massacre of all white women and children actually did take place. Gordon evidently had little hope of being rescued, as he sent down his diaries and a number of personal letters by the steamers which met Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced column, and in a letter to Sir Charles Wilson stated that he knew he was being betrayed, but that he was powerless to prevent it.

General Brackenbury has now officially succeeded the late General Earle in the command of the Nile column, now making its way up to Berber. The battle of Kerbikan, on the 10th inst., was certainly one of the most brilliant actions of the present campaign. Our troops, and the Black Watch in particular, displayed the utmost coolness, courage, and determination in the attack. The enemy were no less brave, and were nearly all killed. In a donkey's saddle-bag captured from the enemy was found a letter purporting to have been written by the Mahdi to the Emir of Berber, announcing the fall of Khartoum and the death of the "traitor Gordon." General Brackenbury has been continuing his advance, and has occupied the Shakook Pass. He is only able, however, to proceed slowly, owing to the difficulties of navigation caused by the low Nile. At Abu Hamad he will probably await supplies from Korosko before going on to Berber.

At Suakim preparations are being rapidly made for the reception of General Graham and his reinforcements. It has now been decided also to lay down the long-talked-of railway to Berber. The route chosen will be about 270 miles in length, and will run over the best water district—there being, however, a perfectly arid stretch of fifty miles. The work will be carried out by Messrs. Lucas and Aird, who have informed the Government that the first thirty-five miles of railway gear has already been arranged for, and will be ready for shipment this week. If all goes well, the railway will be constructed in four or five months. On their side the enemy are making great defensive preparations, and in Osman Digma's camp his followers are employed in digging trenches, throwing up breastworks, excavating rifle-pits, and forming shelters along the sides of the nullah. Even the women are being drilled, and an obstinate resistance is manifestly contemplated.

To turn from the military to the political situation, Prince Hassan, the Khédive's brother, is to join Lord Wolseley with the title of Civil High Commissioner. The Egyptian Government wished at first that he should be nominated Governor-General of the Soudan, in succession to General Gordon, but Sir Evelyn Baring declined to do this, and so the Prince had to be content with a humbler title. With regard to foreign nations, there is little change in the spirit of their comments, but great interest is shown in the offers of help from the British colonies, and the *Indépendance Belge* utters the general opinion that all Prince Bismarck's attempts to humiliate the Gladstone Cabinet have not caused disaffection in the British Colonies, and that in the offer may be seen a proof that the idea of a great federation of Great Britain and her Colonies is already morally realised, and that it cannot fail to be carried into action. Canada, it may be remembered, was first in the field, and Lord Wolseley has telegraphed to Colonel Williams that he would be very pleased to see a Canadian contingent in the field. New South Wales was next with the offer of 500 men and a battery of artillery. This was accepted, and the battalion will leave for Suakim on March 3rd. Much enthusiasm was shown at Sydney, and munificent contributions at once offered by the colonists, several of the most wealthy proposing to contribute 1,000*l.* a year while the contingent is in the field. Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia have also made offers of military assistance, which are being considered by the War Office.

The Congo question may now be considered to be fairly settled, and the West African Conference to have successfully fulfilled its mission. Portugal, France, and the International African Association have come to an agreement with regard to their various territorial claims, and by these the Association obtains the right bank from Banana Point at the mouth to Manyanza, where the French territory begins, extending eastwards, and including Brazzaville and the northern side of Stanley Pool. The left bank, from the mouth to Ango-Ango, is Portuguese, and then comes the eastward territory of the Association, including Leopoldville and the southern side

of Stanley Pool. Portugal has been compensated for giving up the right bank by the cession by France of a slip of the coast north of the Congo extending from Red Point, the limit of the Association coast-territory, to Massabe, where the French coastline definitively begins. This last arrangement has caused considerable dissatisfaction to the Liverpool merchants, who have factories in that district, as they had hoped that they would have been placed under the gentle rule of the Association, and not under the stringently sovereign régime of Portugal. The Association, while disappointed at not getting the whole of the right bank from the sea to Stanley Pool, has been awarded sufficient territory on the left bank to enable a railway to be constructed from Stanley Pool, past all the cataracts, to Ango-Ango, whence goods can be transhipped and taken across to Vivi, and thence by land to the coast, or conveyed direct to the sea in steamers.

FRANCE has been rejoicing over the taking of Langson, which was occupied by General Brière de l'Isle on the 13th inst., the Chinese having retired, and having abandoned their fortified positions in the mountains. The camp at Dongsong was raised on the 10th inst. On the 11th and 12th inst. there was some stiff fighting, in which the Chinese, who were established in forts defended by artillery, hotly contested the French advance; but they were defeated, and on the 13th the French troops marched into the city, which they found had been evacuated and set on fire, and hoisted the national flag on the citadel. They subsequently completed their victory by crossing the river, and occupying Kulua and certain advanced positions on the hills. The Chinese losses are stated to have been exceedingly heavy, and the French have lost 39 killed and 223 wounded. How General Brière de l'Isle will now act is uncertain; but the French Press generally forecast that the French successes will not be considered sufficiently great by China to induce the latter to come to terms; and that, when the operations in Tongking are sufficiently advanced, General Brière de l'Isle will cross the frontier and advance upon Canton. On his side, Admiral Courbet is showing some activity, and, after frightening Shanghai into a fever by appearing with his squadron before that port, had a naval action off the Sheppoo Roads, where a squadron of five Chinese vessels of war were at anchor. Three of these at once got away. The remaining two—one a twenty-six gun frigate—stood their ground. A determined fight took place, the frigates being ultimately blown up by French torpedo boats on Sunday. The crews, however, were able to escape. The French flag has now been definitely hoisted down at Shanghai, and Gallic interests in China are being looked after by the Russian Consul, official diplomatic relations having been finally broken off between France and China. The treaty with Burma has been much discussed by the Paris Press, which declares that the document is a mere commercial convention, and in no way justifies the English apprehensions of a French Protectorate.

In FRANCE proper the chief Parliamentary topic has been the duty on corn, which have now been met by a counter proposal by M. Germain to relieve the agriculturists by the abolition of the land tax, and to raise the necessary revenue by doubling the tariff on alcohol. M. Germain supported his views in so powerful a speech that the proposal has been seriously taken into consideration, particularly as his figures showed a certain and not a problematical gain. Like London, Paris has had a Socialist demonstration, only on a somewhat more serious scale. M. Jules Vallès, the well-known Communist, died on Saturday, and his funeral, on Monday, was made the occasion of a great open-air manifestation. Numbers of revolutionary societies joined the procession with their banners, and amongst them "The German Socialists of Paris." This device roused the anger of the Paris students, who, crying, "Down with the Germans! Vive La France!" attacked the Germans several times, and some sharp fighting took place. Popular opinion is decidedly on the side of the students, and the incident has shown that the bitter feeling towards the Germans is really as strong as ever in France, despite all the political advances of Prince Bismarck. There is little social gossip from Paris. The carnival was celebrated with the usual attempt at masquerade gaiety, and there has been a new operetta, by M. Lecocq, produced at the Nouveautés, entitled, *La Vie Mondaine*.

INDIA is now becoming very anxious with regard to the Russian designs upon Herat, and even views the despatch of an Indian contingent to the Soudan with some misgivings, owing to the feeling that all available troops will be wanted ere long to defend her own frontier. Indeed, the matter is sufficiently serious to cause apprehension, for while the Russian Government is energetically protesting against the allegation that it meditates any designs upon Herat, our Commissioners are left alone over the boundary waiting in vain for their Russian colleagues, while a special Plenipotentiary is sent to London to negotiate direct with the British Government. The proposals that M. Lessar brings with him are based upon the principle that all Turcomans should be brought under Russian rule. If this were accepted, the whole of the Badgee territory would be handed over to Russia, who would thus come into possession of a wedge thrust in between the two principal rivers of North-West Afghanistan (the Murghab and the Heri Rud), effectually commanding the road from Herat to Meshed, with the Afghan outposts at Ghorian and Kushan—thus placing the Cossack pickets on the Kushan stream within forty miles of Herat. But it is authoritatively stated that even the Gladstone Government will not yield so far as this. Meanwhile, we hear of Russian military preparations in Central Asia, of troops and of stores being pushed forward until an army of 70,000 troops is now on the Afghan frontier, and of unlimited powers being given to the commanders, while the Russian advance posts are comfortably established at Puli Katun, far beyond Sarakhs, on the Heri Rud.

The Report of the Select Committee on the Bengal Tenancy Bill was published on Monday. Out of eleven members only three have adopted the report in its entirety; the others, including all the non-official members, have either recorded their dissent, or have expressed their intention of doing so. Some of the members lay great stress on the insufficiency of the evidence. They decline to be guided by the authority of the most talented person in the absence of evidence duly tested by cross-examination.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, a third expedition is to be despatched by ITALY to Massowah, a detachment of Infantry and Engineers, numbering 1,400 men.—The Vatican is showing a change of front with regard to England and the Irish party. The dynamitards are now vigorously denounced, and Mr. Michael Davitt has not yet been admitted to an audience of the Pope.—In GERMANY the Reichstag have voted the enhanced duties on corn, and the Budget Committee have been busy providing for the financial exigencies of the new Teutonic colonies. Herr Krauel, who is to act as the German Commissioner in the negotiations between England and Germany respecting their South Sea possessions has left for London.—From SOUTH AFRICA come disquieting rumours that the Boers are likely to show fight, and that we may yet have another little war on our hands. These reports have been strengthened by the despatch of battalions of the Welsh and South Lancashire Regiments as reinforcements to Natal.—In the UNITED STATES Phelan has given his evidence against his fellow Fenian, Short, who shot him in O'Donovan Rossa's office, and has repeated his story of the attempt of Kearney to blow up a British vessel with dynamite. Kearney, who was in Court, vigorously denied the truth of the statement.



THE Queen has been suffering from a severe cold and slight bronchial attack, and for some days was confined to the house. When walking in the grounds last week at Osborne, Her Majesty got her feet wet, thus causing a chill, which was accompanied by general depression and *malaise*. Her Majesty is now much better, but was obliged to defer her intended return to Windsor until Thursday. The Duchess of Albany joined the Queen and Princess Beatrice at Osborne in order to spend her birthday with Her Majesty, instead of going to Windsor as arranged. The Duchess arrived on Monday with her two children, and her twenty-fourth birthday was kept on Tuesday with the usual honours. Next day the Queen was well enough to hold a Council, and on Thursday morning Her Majesty came up to Windsor, where she inspected the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards under orders for Suakim.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have now returned to town for the season, the Prince having greatly benefited by his change of air. Before leaving Cannes the Prince breakfasted with the King of Wurtemberg, and visited Monte Carlo to be present at a concert. On Saturday night he dined at the Cercle Nautique, and next morning attended Divine Service at St. Paul's. The Prince on Monday took part in the Battle of Flowers, which was highly successful, the procession of 900 carriages being nearly five miles long, and on Tuesday afternoon he left for Paris, where he arrived early next morning. The Prince only spent the day in Paris, and was expected in London on Thursday in time for the opening of Parliament; the Princess and her daughters having come up to Marlborough House from Sandringham on Tuesday.—Princess Albert Victor and George joined the Princess at Sandringham last Saturday until the following evening, when they returned respectively to Cambridge and Greenwich. Yesterday (Friday), was the eighteenth birthday of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess.

The Duke of Edinburgh plays to-night (Saturday) at the Smoking Concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society at Prince's Hall.—The Duke of Connaught's resignation of his Meerut command from April 1st has been formally accepted by the Indian Government.—Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg have left the Isle of Wight for Windsor Castle, where they occupy the Lancaster Tower.—The wedding of the Princess Henry of the Netherlands, sister of the Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, takes place this spring at Berlin, and it is stated that the Prince will resign his commission in the Russian army for a Prussian command.



DEATH OF MADAME SAINTON.—At five o'clock on Wednesday morning, at her town house, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, passed away the most eminent contralto of our time. To the present generation Madame Sainton-Dolby will be known little more than by name. After a famous career of thirty years, during which she demonstrated the existence of a British school of vocalisation to the French and other continental nations, and even to the artistic circle which surrounded Mendelssohn at Leipsic, and after she had gained the foremost place in public estimation at home, she in 1870 retired into private life, devoting the rest of her career to composition and teaching. Her three cantatas, *St. Dorothea*, 1876; the *Legend of the Faithful Soul*, 1879; and *Thalassa* (after Hans Christian Andersen's "The Mermaid"), performed in private in December, 1881; together with several charming ballads, all date from the time that her vocal career had ended. Her professional life while still a favourite singer would almost imply a history of our national music for upwards of a quarter of a century. It was for her that the contralto part in *Elijah* was designed, and she took a prominent part in the various provincial festivals in the chief London oratorio performances, and in the establishment of the Handel Festival. In her a marvellous voice was allied with a pure style, perfect execution, and powerful declamation. Yet, on the other hand, no contralto of her day could more admirably deliver a simple English ballad; and in connection with this form of art, the part she played in the development of the "royalty" system—a system which has since been much abused—secured for her a handsome income. Born in London in 1821, and educated at our own Royal Academy of Music from 1834 to 1839, she was a vocalist of essentially British birth, breeding, and culture. Only a fortnight ago she celebrated her "silver wedding" and happy married life with M. Sainton. Distinguished among the artists of her epoch for her high talents, the private and social virtues of Mme Sainton-Dolby endeared her to a large circle of friends.

HERR JOACHIM.—The return of the great violinist will, it is hoped, impart fresh vigour to a somewhat uninteresting Popular Concert season. It is true that on Monday the audience was miserably small. But for this the inclement weather was doubtless chiefly to blame. Herr Joachim led the favourite Rasoumowski Quartet in C, took part with Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Signor Piatti in the *Fantaisiestücke*, not by any means the most interesting of Schumann's chamber works, and played for a solo the Andante with twenty-nine variations, popularly known as Bach's Chaconne in D minor, which is now so admirably rendered by our English violinist, Mr. Carrodus. That Herr Joachim's mastery in the music of Beethoven is only equalled by the extraordinary facility with which he plays works which, it is said, while Bach lived were deemed impossible, English music-lovers need not again be reminded. For an encore he played a movement from one of Bach's violin suites. The pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who wisely declined a re-demand for some of Schubert's *Valses Nobles*. On the previous Saturday Herr Joachim led Mendelssohn's E minor Quartet, Op. 44, No. 2, and played two movements from Spohr's Sixth Concerto, and the "Sarabande" and "Bourrée" from Bach's second suite in B minor. Mr. Watkin Mills sang on Saturday, and Miss Thudichum on Monday.

A DRUM CONCERTO.—A suite for six kettledrums and orchestra is a comparative novelty. Mozart, who loved to pose as a musical humourist, wrote sixteen movements for the extraordinary combination of two flutes, five trumpets, and four drums. But the drum parts are insignificant in these diversissements, which were intended chiefly to show the excellence of the trumpets of the Salzburg orchestra. Indeed, it was only in Berlioz's time the discovery was made that one player could perform upon three kettledrums. Mr. Gordon Cleather, who on Saturday performed at St. James's Hall, in the presence of the Princess Frederica and a fashionable audience, the slow march and polonaise from the suite by Herr Julius Tausch, of Düsseldorf, had arranged round him six kettledrums, tuned severally in F, B flat, C, D, E flat, and F octave. Thus, although the drums could hardly be expected to give a melody, yet they

roduced some sort of sequence of sounds, and became at once the principal instruments of the orchestra. Mr. Cleather had learned his part by heart; but, altogether apart from the performance as a feat of memory, the soloist was compelled to show considerable agility and activity. Somebody in the hall estimated that Mr. Cleather's hands journeyed upwards of a mile in five minutes in their passage from drum to drum. We do not pretend to endorse this reckoning, but it was evident that the soloist's task was sufficiently arduous. The programme likewise included a feeble suite, *L'Algerienne*, by M. Saint-Saëns, and Gade's Second Symphony, both admirably performed by an amateur orchestra of a hundred members, among whom were six ladies.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The somewhat tardy resumption of the Crystal Palace Concerts last Saturday will be almost immediately followed by the inauguration of the Philharmonic Concerts under Sir Arthur Sullivan. On Saturday the programme was a familiar one, the only novelty being a Concert Overture by Sterndale Bennett's pupil, Mr. Couldery. This pleasing little work, which strongly shows the influence of the composer's teacher, is entitled *Richard L.*; though anything less antagonistic to the character and career of the "lion-hearted" monarch it would be difficult to imagine. Another quasi-novelty was Sir Michael Costa's arrangement of the National Anthem, the choral parts being played on the organ, with the verse, "O Lord our God arise," effectively taken in slow hymn-time. The solo part in a brief and early adagio by Mozart, was played by Herr Jung. The concerto was the E flat of Beethoven, played in characteristic style by Madame Essipoff; the vocalist was Mlle. Soubre, a *débutante* from Paris; and the symphony was the No. 2 of Beethoven. A series of recitals by eminent British organists, to be given after each Saturday concert, was inaugurated last Saturday by Dr. C. J. Frost.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Madame Essipoff was announced to give a piano recital on Monday. But an hour before the concert she was pronounced to be suffering severely from rheumatism, and to the great disappointment of many ladies and others who had come from a distance, St. James's Hall remained closed.—On Saturday Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley sang at a "St. Valentine's Day" concert at the Albert Hall. The "Dead March" in honour of General Gordon preceded the concert, and at the first sounds of its solemn strains the vast audience reverently rose to their feet.—On Tuesday Miss Cardigan, a clever flute-player, who first appeared with the *Adamless Eden* troupe, and has since studied at the Guildhall School of Music, announced a concert. The principal items of the programme were Weber's Trio, Op. 63 (which contains the beautiful "Shepherd's Plaint"), and Sir George Macfarren's "Trio, Romance, and Allegro," all for flute, piano, and violoncello.—On Ash Wednesday *Messiah* was announced by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr. Barnby, with Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Messrs. Charles Wade and Santley, as chief vocalists.—The usual ballad concert at St. James's Hall was on Ash Wednesday replaced by a concert of popular excerpts from the oratorios and other sacred music, sung by Madame Valleria, Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Lloyd, and other favourite artists.—Concerts have also been given by Mr. Fitzhering, at which Mr. Corder's *Ukiah's Curse* was performed, by Messrs. Mackway and Macpherson, Mr. Dunn, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Albani will, for the first time, sing the soprano part in the *Rose of Sharon*, at a special performance to be given of Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio at St. James Hall in April.—Händel was born in the Grosse Schlamm, Halle, February 23, 1684, Old Style, or 1685. The bicentenary will be celebrated on the 21st, with a performance by the new Handel Society of the almost forgotten oratorio *Saul*, now known by little more than the "Envy" chorus and the "Dead March."—On the 27th, the Sacred Harmonic Society will revive *Belshazzar*, which has not been heard here for twelve years.—Raff's *Winter* symphony, the last the composer ever wrote, will be performed for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace this (Saturday) afternoon.—A male voice choir has been started at the Guildhall School of music under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill.—Madame Marie Köze, on Monday, gave a performance of *Il Trovatore* in the branding room of Messrs. Pass's brewery, at Burton-on-Trent. The stage was erected on enormous beer barrels.—Notice of Herr Kiehl's oratorio, *The Star of Bethlehem*, produced by the Bach choir on Thursday, must be reserved.—Madame Georgina Burns and Mr. Leslie Crotty, have been re-engaged for the Carl Rosa season, 1885-6.—Mr. Gustave Ernest, winner of the Philharmonic "Prize Overture," has composed a cantata, *Love's Conquest*, which will be performed at Westbourne Park Chapel, February 23, with Mlles. De Lido and Clara Myers, Messrs. Levett and Frank Walker as vocalists.



AN APPROPRIATE PRAYER to be used in churches on behalf of our forces in the Soudan has been framed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and communicated at his request to the Lower House of Convocation by the Upper.

DR. BICKERSTETH, the new Bishop of Exeter, is succeeded in the Deanery of Gloucester by Dr. Butler, Head Master of Harrow, and in the important living of Christ Church, Hampstead (which is in the gift of the Crown), by the Rev. G. F. Head, Vicar of Charles, Plymouth, and previously Vicar of St. Mark's, Tollington Park.

THE REV. F. PAGET, Vicar of Bromsgrove, has been offered the Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, vacant through Dr. King's elevation to the Bishopric of Lincoln.

THE VERY SUCCESSFUL WEST END MISSION terminated on "Throve Tuesday" with a special evening service in Westminster Abbey, the Archbishop of York preaching. In some districts there have been street-processions of choirs and of working-men missionaries with banners, accompanied by the delivery of open-air addresses and the singing of hymns. A special feature of these proceedings was the respectful attitude of the masses, the people in the streets traversed listening with attention to the addresses, and joining in the singing of the hymns.

MOVING WITH THE TIMES, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have offered for the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants of London the Gravel Pit Wood at Highgate, some seventy acres in extent, and thirty acres of land at Kilburn. The offer is made to the Corporation of London on the condition that it will procure Parliamentary sanction for the appropriation, and undertake to lay out and maintain the two spaces as public parks in perpetuity. Mr. G. Russell, M.P., the Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, has addressed to Lord Stanhope, as Chairman of the Ecclesiastical Commission, a request that it would present as a park for the public the land, about 200 acres in extent, lying on the banks of the Thames between the Bishop of London's Palace at Fulham and the Distillery. A movement initiated last year with this object had the late Bishop of London's full concurrence.

RETURNS OF THE ACCOMMODATION provided in the churches and chapels of the metropolis have been made at the instance of the London Congregational Union. Some doubt has been thrown on the accuracy of the portions of the return which relate to the Church

of England. As regards other religious communions, accommodation is provided for 172,547 persons by the Congregationalists, for 136,178 by the Baptists, for 96,410 by the Wesleyans, for 51,170 by the Roman Catholics, and, next to them, for 35,180 by the Salvation Army. Relatively, the Wesleyans, it is understood, are far less strong in London than in England and Wales generally.

A STRANGE AND UNEDIFYING SPECTACLE was presented at a Salvationist service at Hanley on Sunday, when "Major" Pearson and assistants undertook to cure the blind, the deaf, and the lame. A hundred persons, unable to use their lower limbs, were brought in Bath-chairs to be operated on. The Major and his subalterns rubbed several of them, and the congregation having engaged in prayer for their cure, a few of them succeeded in staggering some yards. In one case a young woman, a confirmed cripple, is represented as having walked "feebly" across the building. Two women formerly stone deaf proclaimed that their hearing had been restored to them. Announcements that they had been cured of their maladies was made from the platform by several persons, and were followed by the thanksgivings of the crowded congregation. These extraordinary proceedings lasted till midnight.

NOTES ON PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD

THE first record we have of Portsmouth Dockyard as an establishment is in the reign of Edward IV., the supposed founder, that monarch being fully alive to the desirability of raising the glory of the British Navy. Richard III. kept up the charter, as did Henry VII., though at this period England could hardly be said to possess a navy, the ships in war-time being principally borrowed from the merchant service.

Henry VIII. ought really to be styled "the founder;" he it was that made Portsmouth the first and "Royal Dockyard." Portsmouth as a town then hardly existed. Leland, in his work, speaks of having visited it in Henry's reign, where he saw "A great dock for shippes, and in this dock lyeth part of the rybbes of *Henry Grace of Dieu*."

At the present time there is little to be seen of the ancient portion of the yard, if any; indeed, the oldest of any pretension is the brick wall, with its gate, now the principal entrance. This was built by Queen Anne (1711). Fires up to very recently have from time to time played havoc with the different buildings and factories; one remarkable fire took place, causing the "Rope-house" to be entirely demolished. This was the act of an incendiary, known as "Jack the Painter," who was afterwards hanged on a gibbet, sixty-four feet high, over the Dock gates, 1776. The Rope-house, a building of the great length of 1,094 feet, is now only used as a store. The "ropemakers" possessed from time immemorial many privileges, for instance, they worked less than the other hands, owing to the laborious nature of their calling, they were allowed to take chips home, and when "Royalty" visited Portsmouth it was their prerogative to escort the party to the yard, taking the post of honour. On such occasions they decorated themselves with sashes, &c., and carried wands of office.

In 1842 Her Majesty the Queen visited the Dockyard, on which occasion ropes were attached to her carriage. The "Rope-house interior," seen in the sketch, shows but half its entire length; the exterior, as seen in Anchor Lane, gives a better idea of the length.

The "Semaphore" was erected in 1776, and is used now as formerly for signalling to ships, and on the summit of the staff storm-warning cones and drums are displayed. In 1848 extensive improvements were made, and in 1859 the famous "Warrior" Dock was constructed. This splendid piece of engineering skill measures 650 feet in length, and can accommodate either one or two vessels by means of an extra "caisson." At the time of the building of this dock there were but two basins, the larger measuring 600 feet by 400 feet, while the smaller was but little more than half that size. To the latter are attached three covered dry docks.

But by far the most grand extension was commenced about seventeen years ago, and is now nearly completed. In this new ground we have three magnificent basins, the water space covering a superficial area of sixty acres, and jutting from the walls are several deep dry-docks and locks, each having a depth of forty feet from the coping downwards. Possessing as we do, such a gigantic establishment, this is of no small importance, for however powerful our ships may be, it is of the greatest moment that we should have suitable provision for the repairing and coaling of our navy in time of war. Well-protected coaling stations and capacious dry-docks are, after the consideration of the superiority of the ships, of the most vital importance.

Amidst the many discussions which have taken place within the last few months on the condition of our navy, it is remarkable to note the wide divergence of opinion given by both the pessimist and optimist debaters. A glance over Portsmouth Dockyard of to-day will show specimens of not at all a bad little fleet when one sees such ships as the *Colossus*, *Collingwood*, *Impérieuse* (near completion), *Devastation*, *Glatton*, *Rupert*, *Triumph*, *Sultan*, besides smaller turret-ships like the *Cyclops*, or such cruisers as the *Cordelia*, *Active*, &c. Though every one is agreed that the navy should be stronger, yet it is as well we should not make too gloomy a picture of our first line of defence as it now exists.

Admiral Sir T. Symonds made it appear the other day through the columns of a contemporary (*United Service Gazette*) that our largest Dockyard—Devonport (Portsmouth?), "is unfit to dock our best ships." He was right as far as that place is concerned, for it was but a short time ago that the *Colossus* was ordered to Devonport to be docked, but there not being sufficient accommodation at the port she had to be taken back to Portsmouth for repairs. Admiral Symonds again states that "from 1778 to 1858 history proves that our most wise forefathers kept double the number of force in our navy than France did." This is not altogether accurate, for, according to one of the best authorities extant (James's "Naval History"), in 1793 the French had a stronger fleet than we, and quoting from an acknowledged French authority, the history goes on to say, "Avant la prise de Toulon, la France était la puissance maritime la plus redoutable de l'Europe," a public and uncontradicted assertion.

Then again it must be remembered that though on more than one occasion the English had more guns than our neighbours, yet in weight of metal there was scarcely any difference. Besides the French ships were always considered the stronger, being built of the best Adriatic oak.

Portsmouth Dockyard, with its vast factories and numerous dwelling-houses, resembles a town so closely that the authorities have named the different channels as streets, and we see them marked up as "Anchor Lane," "Sunny Walk," "King's Road," &c., for the benefit of the thousands of strangers from all parts of the kingdom who visit it annually. One of the chief attractions is the Nasmyth hammer, which is so wonderfully accurate in its construction that it will either "crack a nut or forge an anchor." Then there are the smitheries, boiler shops, brass foundries, block-making shops, besides other sights too numerous to mention.

At the north-eastern portion of the yard the convicts are still employed on the extension works in excavating and building, and extraordinary precautions are taken in order to prevent any escaping or communicating with strangers.

Most naval men express surprise that where a very great deficiency occurs in the staff of gunners and engineer artificers, more attention has not been given to this point in discussions.

W. E. A.



THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—A very large majority of the 574 works comprised in this Water Colour Exhibition are by artists whose names are not familiar to us. Several of them however, judged by the standard that can fairly be applied to the work of young and inexperienced painters, are entitled to sincere commendation, and there are a few good studies by artists of recognised ability. Mr. Edwin Ellis sends a sea-coast drawing "The Shadow of the Head," conveying a vivid impression of Nature. It is broadly painted and forcible in effect, but the force has not been obtained, as in many of his oil pictures, at the expense of truth. Mr. W. Eyre Walker is also seen to great advantage in a woodland scene, full of carefully studied detail and very delicate in its gradations of colour, "A Wharfedale Beck, Yorkshire." Two rather sketchy drawings, "Near Robin Hood Bay" and "Sheep Pastures on the Scheldt," by Mr. Claude Hayes, are distinguished by purity of tone and atmospheric truth, but in each case the figures are infelicitously introduced, being out of keeping as regards size with the other elements of the work. Mr. David Law has depicted "The Giudicca" and "The Riva dei Schiavoni" with care and literal fidelity to fact, but he has failed to give an impression of the atmosphere of Venice and its local colour.

Mr. Herbert Marshall's "Sunrise in London, Mid-Winter," is a very artistic rendering of a familiar scene,—Westminster Hall as seen from the corner of Parliament Street, partially obscured by fog and smoke, the Victoria Tower behind illuminated by the warm rays of the rising sun, and the rapidly dispersing storm-clouds present a grand and impressive appearance. The picture is in excellent keeping, rich in tone, and broadly painted. Mr. Walter Severn's large "Cameron Bay, Loch Lomond," is a careful but very prosaic rendering of a scene of great natural beauty. Mr. Hubert Medley-cott's views of "St. Paul's and Blackfriars from the River" and "Westminster from Lambeth," though poor in tone and ineffective, are noteworthy for their truth to local fact and finished workmanship. Mr. R. Steeple's "A Rushing Stream" is a fresh and vigorous transcript from Nature, full of light and movement, and very harmonious in colour. Close by it hangs a drawing of "Highland Cattle," by a comparatively unknown painter, Mr. Arthur Baker, showing great technical skill as well as careful study of nature. The animals are naturally grouped, correctly drawn, and firmly painted, and the landscape is in perfect keeping with them. Mr. R. Goff has some picturesque views "On the Maas," luminous in tone and dexterously painted, in a manner derived apparently from the modern Dutch Water-Colour School. Mr. Sherard Kennedy's "Malvolio," and a scene of mediæval life in Italy, "The Evil Eye," by Mr. A. W. Bayes, bear evidence of thought and study; but in neither case has the painter acquired sufficient technical power to give adequate expression to his purpose. Among the few other figure-drawings are a rustic group, delicately painted in the style of Frederick Walker, "The Close of Day," by Mr. E. Wake Cook; and an extremely well-drawn portrait of a child, by Rosa Koberwein. Helen Thornycroft exhibits some tastefully-treated flower pictures; and Rose Barton a study of a dead "Canary," remarkable for its beauty of colour and delicate workmanship.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL are exhibiting in their small gallery in New Bond Street a series of fifty-eight sea and sea-coast pictures, most of them in water-colour, by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram. They are scarcely important enough to form an exhibition by themselves, but a considerable proportion of them have many estimable qualities. The transient effects of stormy weather are apparently not within Mr. Ingram's range, but he depicts the sea under her more enduring aspects with truth and artistic skill. Most of the drawings, especially those painted directly from nature, are pure in tone and luminous; and in several of them the varying play of light and colour on the surface of the moving waves is very skilfully rendered. "A Drifting Match," "Bolt Tail," and a very vigorously-painted study of sea and sky, "Gathering Clouds," are among the best examples of the artist's work.



THE TURF.—The Warwick Meeting has been the only jumping tryst of the week, and produced nothing of special interest. There seems to be plenty of speculation going on in connection with the Spring Handicaps, Bendigo, Boulevard, and Despair being the most prominent favourites for the Lincoln event; and Duke of Richmond and King Monmouth for the City and Suburban. Zoedone, Belmont, and Candahar are at the head of the poll for the Grand National. For the Two Thousand and Derby Paradox continues to hold his own firmly.

COURSING.—The Waterloo Cup will not have been decided till after we have gone to press, and therefore we will defer any lengthened remarks on it till next week. At the time of writing the favourite, Mineral Water, has gone down, and several other much-fancied candidates in the first and second rounds, after the fashion of several recent years.

FOOTBALL.—The Old Carthusians have beaten Church in the sixth round of the Association Cup; and on Saturday next the Old Etonians tackle Notts Forest at the Oval. Association-wise, Cambridge University has beaten London, and played a drawn game with Aston Villa; Notts County has beaten the Swifts; Preston North End, Blackburn Olympic, and Glasgow Sheffield. Rugby-wise, Yorkshire has beaten Cheshire, Oxford University Kensington, and Manchester Bradford.

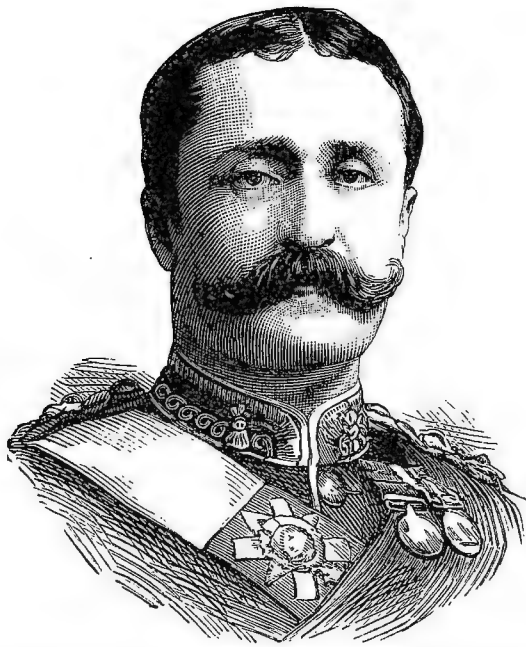
HOCKEY.—The attempts of recent years to revive the old game of hockey—i.e., the game on *terra firma*, not on *aqua firma* or ice—have not been successful; and many of the newly-formed clubs have either died out or maintain but a languid existence. The pastime, however, has a hold at Cambridge, where, on Saturday last, Clare College defeated Caius. The game as played at Eton some years ago was really a scientific one, there being nothing of the rough-and-tumble element in it, and the strict law being enforced that the hockey sticks were not to be lifted above the level of the knees.

LACROSSE.—In the Metropolitan district Hampstead has beaten Dulwich; but the match on Saturday last between London and Clapton was a drawn one.—Up northwards the Sale and Aston team has beaten Rockferry; and Heaton Mersey West Manchester.—At Cambridge Leys has beaten King's College. There are now four College clubs in the University, which has always two teams in the field.

ATHLETICS.—The experiment of holding the Southern Counties Cross-Country Athletic Championship at Sandown Park has proved a great success, though the pleasure of the visitors was somewhat interfered with by the presence of a large body of welshers and



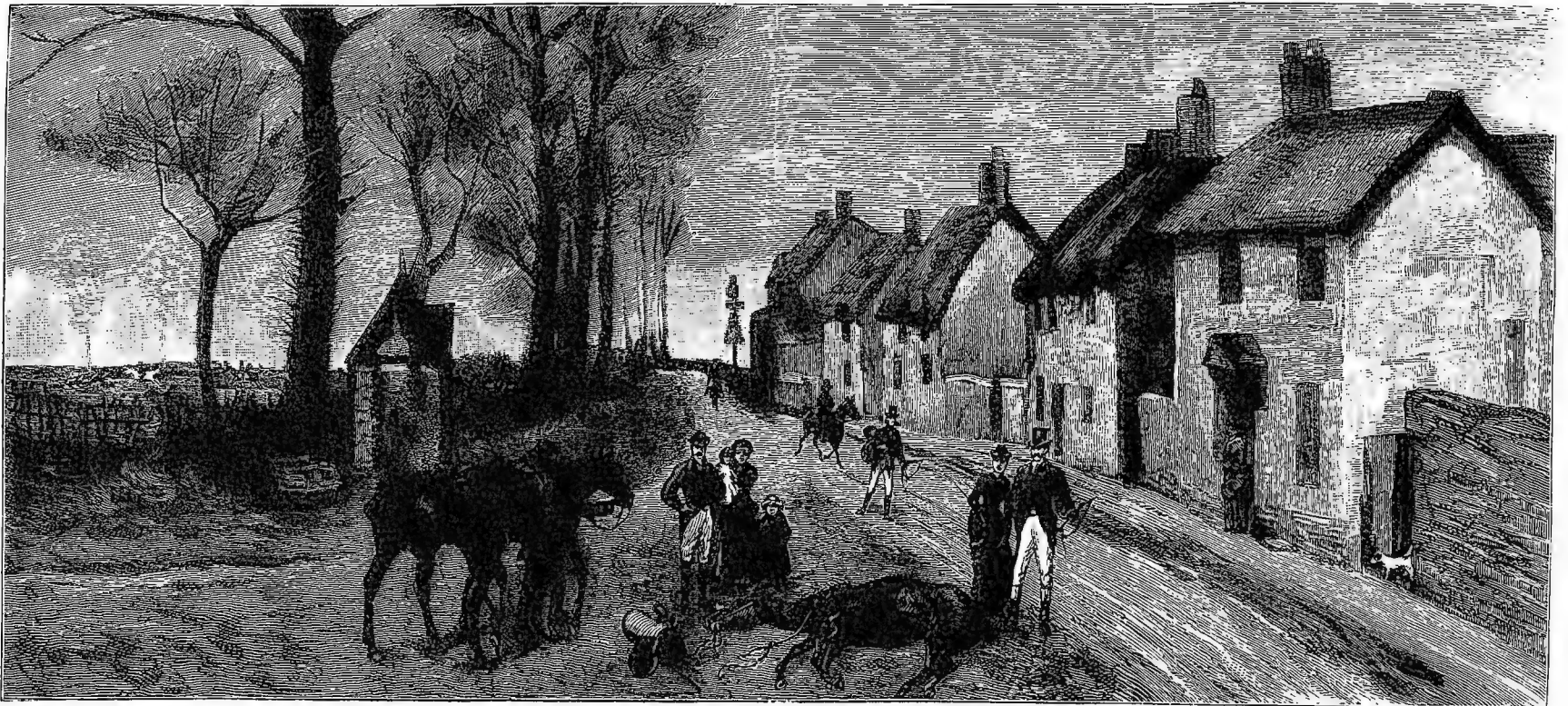
MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM EARLE, C.B., C.S.I.
Killed while Leading on his Men at Kirebkan on the Nile, Feb. 10



LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT CHARLES COVENY (BLACK WATCH)
Killed at the Battle of Kirebkan on the Nile, Feb. 10



LIEUTENANT C. W. A. LAW (4TH DRAGOON GUARDS)
Killed at the Battle of Abu Klea Wells, Jan. 17



THE SENSATIONAL RUN OF THE BICESTER HOUNDS—DEATH OF LADY CHESHAM'S MARE IN THE VILLAGE OF CRESTERTON



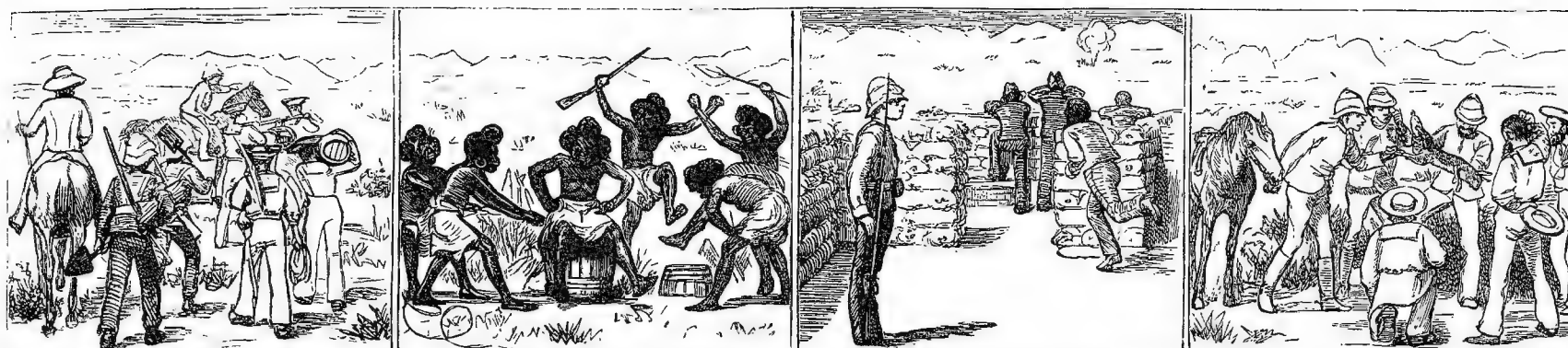
WINTER IN RUSSIA—CROSSING THE NEVA ON SKATING SLEDGES



MRS. LUCILLA DUDLEY
Who Shot at O'Donovan Rossa in New York



HARRY BURTON
Accused with Cunningham of being Concerned in the Dynamite Outrages
at the Tower and on the Underground Railway



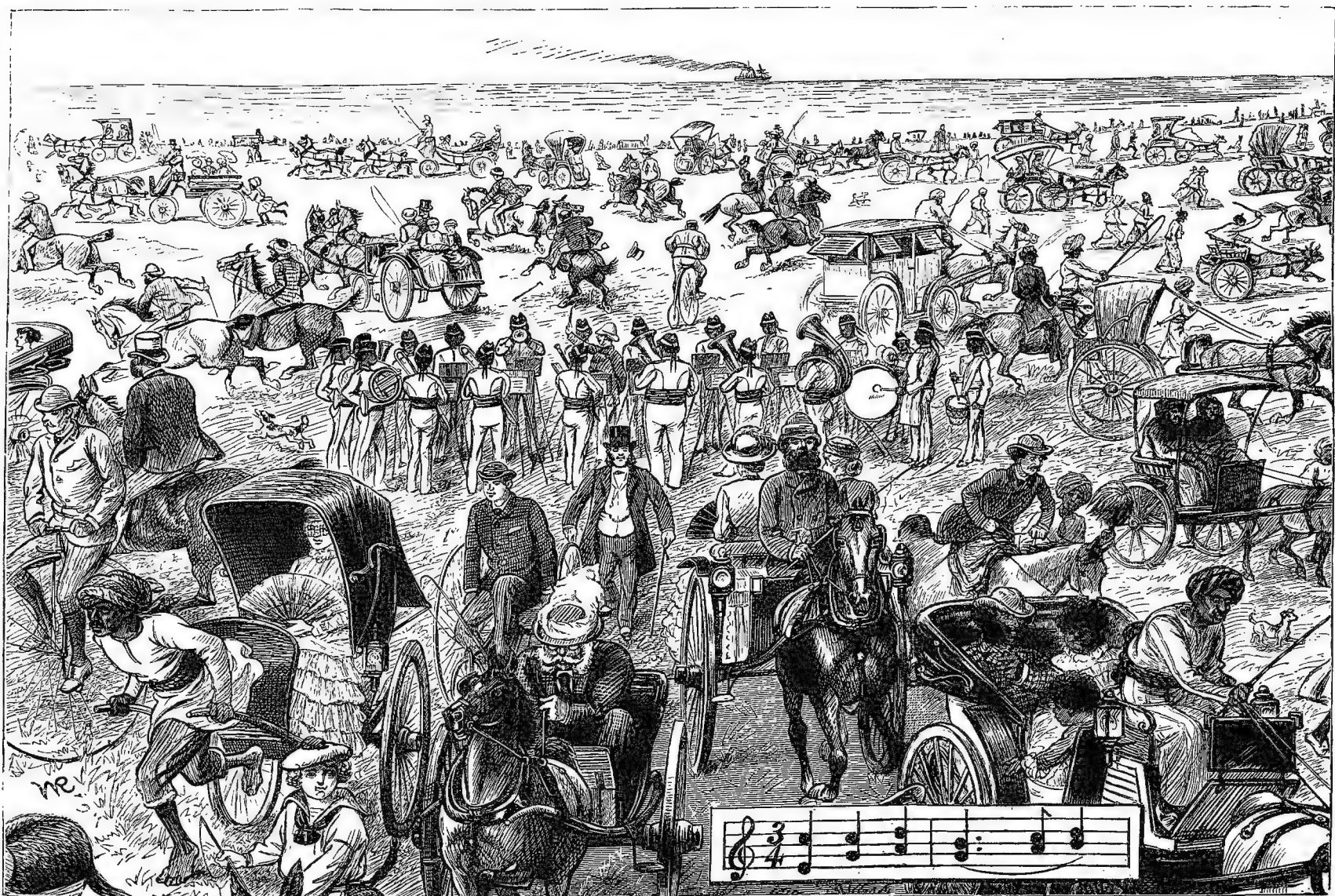
BLUE-JACKETS AND MARINES STARTING TO
LAY THE MINE

THE NATIVES ARE TOO SHARP: THEY DIS-
CONNECT THE WIRE

THE MINE EXPLODES—"HOW MANY REBELS
HAVE GONE ALOFT?"

THE RESULT OF THE EXPLOSION

HOW WE LAID A MINE AT SUAKIM



THE STAMPEDE FOR DINNER ON THE PUBLIC PROMENADE AT COLOMBO, CEYLON, WHEN THE FINAL PIECE BEGINS

other objectionable characters, who forced their way into the enclosures. Fourteen clubs entered into the competition; and again the South London Harriers (the holders) were victorious. Next in order defeated, but not disgraced, came the Highgate Harriers, and after them the Spartan, and the Finchley of that ilk.—The Birchfield Harriers have won the Midland Championship.

BILLIARDS.—Last week Roberts, by giving Joseph Bennett 3,000 start in 12,000 points at the spot-stroke barred game, and then winning by 2,567 points, still further demonstrated his great superiority. He scored 12,000 while the ex-champion was making 6,433, and did so, too, after taking matters tolerably easy during a third of the match. Great as is this performance, if the whole week's work is considered, it is all the more striking on further analysis, for on the last four days he put together 7,999 against his opponent's 8,719.—A well-attended and influential meeting of "billiardists," professional and otherwise, was held on Saturday last at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, for the purpose of revising the rules of billiards, and if possible arranging for the election of a permanent committee to generally supervise and regulate the game. After much discussion, it was decided to form an association to be called "The Billiard Association," which should have for its objects the "establishing a code of rules to govern the different games played upon billiard tables, and for other purposes in connection therewith." The meeting afterwards considered a draft code of rules and regulations for the management of the Association, but the leading points were allowed to stand over for settlement by a subsequent meeting. The draft rules, amongst other matters, provided for the election of the officers and committee, the amount of the subscriptions to be paid by the professional and other members of the Association, which included the relief of professional members in sickness, and also prizes to be played for by the professional and other members when the surplus fund allowed.—The second billiard match at Chicago between the well-known French game players, Schaefer and Slosson, has been won by the former.

CYCLING.—This pastime seems making progress in all parts of the world, and bids fair to become the cosmopolitan recreation of humanity. Even in St. Petersburg "the backward," an attempt is being made by the English residents to form a tricycle club. At the present time it is almost impossible to ride a tricycle in the city, and even in the country the machine is looked upon by the police as having no right to be on the roads. A few months back an Englishman, while tricycle-riding in the country, went through the curious experience of being ordered off the road on to the footpath by one policeman, and, twenty minutes afterwards, being informed by another guardian of the peace that he had no right to be on the footpath, and must ride his machine along the road. To form a club, social, sporting, or political, in Russia is a very difficult matter, as a charter from the Crown is essential. To obtain this an application has to be made, which passes through the hands of numberless officials, all of whom expect presents—and get them. The latest account regarding the application is that it has been referred to the Government Medical Department, with instructions to report whether this new kind of exercise be good for the health of His Majesty's subjects or not.

AQUATICS.—There have been no material changes in the Oxford and Cambridge crews since our last Notes, and both have as usual commenced systematic training with the beginning of Lent. The opinion that Cambridge has the best material to mould into form seems gradually increasing.



At Bow Street this week when Cunningham, *alias* Dalton, and Burton, charged with being concerned in the explosion at the Tower, were brought up on remand, some very important evidence was given tending to connect them with the dynamite outrage in the Underground Railway, between King's Cross and Gower Street Stations. An auctioneer named Myers was, on the evening of that explosion, waiting on the platform of the Farringdon Street Station for a train to take him westward, when the train, which was soon afterwards dynamited, arrived from the City. Having a hamper with him he made for a spare brake in front of the train, and endeavoured to open the door. There were three men in the brake; one of them was leaning on the door with his arm on the window told him he could not come in, and this man he identified as the prisoner Cunningham. After the explosion he saw Cunningham and the other two men on the platform of the Gower Street Station, and observed them cross the line in the rear of the train. A Hyde Park constable who was in the train at the time of the explosion, also identified Cunningham as one of the men in the spare brake; so, too, did a porter in the service of the Metropolitan Railway, whose duty it was to look into the spare brake to see if there was any luggage. From a number of persons in the yard of a police station he had picked out Cunningham as one of the men whom he saw in the brake. Another important witness was a sergeant of police who was on the platform of the Gower Street Station just after the explosion. He noticed three men in the spare brake, and had identified Cunningham and Burton as two of them, having singled out both of them from a number of prisoners whom he had been called on to inspect. Really it seems as if a clue had at last been found to one nucleus of the dynamitard conspiracy. The prisoners were again remanded.

A FLAW IN THE FACTORIES ACTS, as far as they relate to workshops, has been made apparent in a prosecution of a firm of machine-rulers in the City for infringing them. They were charged at the Mansion House with neglecting to whitewash a workshop, and with employing a girl a little over twelve. It appeared, from the statement of the factory inspector, who prosecuted, that, as regards the whitewashing of workshops and the age of those employed in them, the inspectors have to trust very much to their eyes, as there are no statutory obligations on workshop employers, similar to those which are imposed in factories, to enter the date of each whitewashing in a book, and to produce evidence of the age of the young persons employed. The presiding magistrate, Sir R. Carden, said that it was most extraordinary to make such a distinction between a factory and a workshop, and the sooner it was altered the better.

IMPECUNIOUS CLERGYMEN and others, who order furniture in the belief that it will be paid for by wealthy ladies to whom they are engaged to be married, may derive a lesson from the details of a case brought before the Queen's Bench Division this week. A clergyman of slender means, engaged to an opulent lady, ordered, in her company, some two or three hundred pounds' worth of furniture from a firm of upholsterers in Southwark. The engagement was broken off, and the clergyman was sued by the upholsterers. He alleged that the order had been given by the lady, and pleaded inability to pay. The lady denied having given the order, but admitted that if the marriage had taken place the furniture would probably have been paid for with her money. Judgment was asked for on the ground that the clergyman had no defence, and he is to be allowed to defend only on the condition that he pays into Court the money claimed.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL in dogs as in men. Judging doubtless the animal to be harmless, a visitor to a public-house in

Clapham put out his hand to pat a strange dog, which had accompanied his master to the same establishment. The dog gave the stranger a somewhat severe bite, the cure of which required medical aid, and the victim sued the owner of the dog for damages. The plaintiff swore that after he was bitten the defendant said of his dog, "He always bites people who touch him." This was denied by the defendant, but Mr. Justice Mathew considered it proved that the dog was not a safe one to take about, and gave judgment in favour of the plaintiff for 12*l.* 5*s.* and costs.

THE THREE MEN of the barque *Wellington*, charged with the murder of its captain on the high seas, have been committed by the Plympton magistrates for trial at the assizes.



A QUESTION OF DRILL.—A Gloucestershire correspondent drilled wheat in November last, and a neighbour in the same parish did the same thing on the same day. Both fields were, after turnips, eaten off with sheep. "His was drilled with the Canadian drill, and very shallow, mine with the Suffolk drill, and deep. His has been up some time, and is looking quite green; mine is just struggling through the ground. Both are 'Golden Drop' wheat. His wheat at first was at the mercy of the rooks, while mine was comparatively safe. His, however, was soon up and away, while mine, through its slow growth, had to endure the attacks of the birds."

GROWERS OF FRUIT and orchard produce have good cause for complaint concerning the profit realised by salesmen. Before a new season commences we hope something will be done to remedy a state of affairs such as an East Kent correspondent points out, when he says:—"The prices returned by salesmen sometimes are simply absurd. As an illustration, I have had a shilling a peck for some scores of pecks at a time of fine strawberries, out of which has been deducted sevenpence-halfpenny carriage and commission, leaving the handsome balance of fourpence-halfpenny for fourteen pounds of fruit, which scarcely paid for the picking, much less the expensive cultivation. About eighteen months ago I gave my experience in one of the London daily newspapers, and had replies from fruiterers and others showing great discrepancies between the amounts paid by them and those paid to the producer. I also wrote to one county paper in my neighbourhood, advising that a meeting of growers be called to consider what was best to be done. The result was *nil*, owing to the apathy of fruit-growers, who as a rule are a very hard-working, early-rising class, although usually Conservative. I sincerely hope that some Radical mind will discover means whereby the producer may have a little remuneration for his labour and capital employed in his occupation." Not owing to our correspondent's party bias, we should welcome the same discovery, even though it should be the outcome of a Tory intellect.

HEREFORDS.—A large sale has recently taken place at Stockton-bury. The prices were not so satisfactory as at some previous sales of this breed, which was recently regarded as not incapable of eclipsing even the shorthorn in popular favour. The famous bull Lord Wilton was put up for sale at Stocktonbury. He is indeed a living wonder, being in his twelfth year, yet still exhibiting perfection without in the slightest degree failing from either vigour or proportion in form. He is as active to-day as he was as a four-year-old; and, with prime flesh down to the very hocks, is level all over with a grand development in first class flesh, and a depth to brisket and thick nice moulding which the best of the breed can no more than barely equal. The price realised, 1,000 guineas, was large, yet a far higher price had been anticipated, an American offer of 3,800 guineas having been mooted.

THE CARRIAGE OF FARM PRODUCE.—The British Dairy Farmers' Association have resolved that they have "heard with great regret of the proposal of the railway companies to raise their tariffs, and desire to record their opinion that it is useless to attempt to ameliorate the present condition of agriculturists by the reduction of rents and local taxation if railway companies are to be allowed to absorb the whole by a readjustment of rates; and they call upon the Government to extend free trade to the British agriculturist by bringing in a Bill to compel railway companies to carry foods at one uniform rate not in excess of that charged to foreign competitors for the conveyance of their produce over English lines." The preference given to foreign produce is certainly a grave injustice to the home cultivator, and one that in any other country than England would not be tolerated for a week. So long, however, as railways are purely private enterprises the interference of the Government can be but slight.

PEASANT FARMERS.—Thus far, in the controversy between the advocates of big holdings and the friends of a peasant proprietary, the former have notably had the best of it. In Great Britain less than a tenth of the population is directly engaged in farming, and there the value of the land, agricultural wages, and the price of farm produce are all on a much higher scale than those of Ireland, the land *par excellence* of the peasant cultivator. The Irish famine diminished through emigration and privation the Irish population by two millions in three years. Moreover, in less than thirty years 270,000 of the smallest holdings have been merged into larger farms adjacent. The number of separate tenancies in Ireland now is only one half of the number forty years ago. America too, where agriculture is extremely vigorous, is the land of big farms, the average holding in the United States being just double the average holding in Great Britain. It is difficult to avoid drawing an inference very unfavourable to a peasant proprietary, and the advocates of small holdings would do well to agree quickly "How small?" One acre or ten? Moreover, the conservative tendency of fixing a greater proportion of the population to the land remains to be considered.

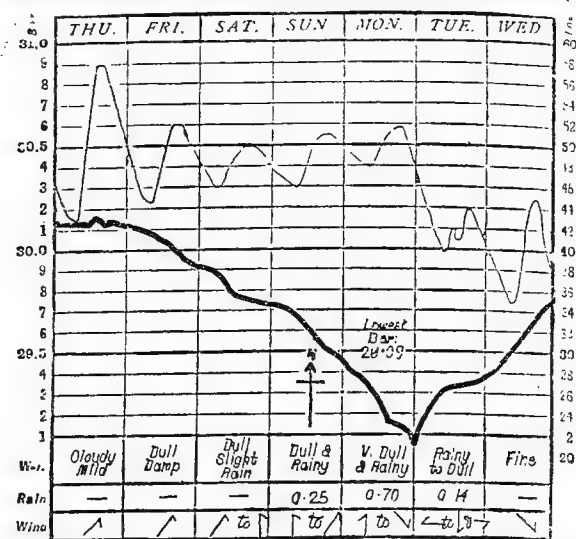
LEAVES.—Sir John Lubbock's lecture on "Leaves" has attracted some attention by reason of his attempting, at least partially, to grapple with the interesting subject of leaf forms. For reasons which he gave in detail, but which we cannot, he concluded that the palmate form was derived from the heart-shaped, and there were other forms which appeared to be earlier or ancestral conditions. To find some type characteristic of each genus was an aim of science, but as yet but little real progress had been made. One genus was that of *senecio*, or groundsel. In addition to *senecios* more or less resembling the common groundsel, there were species with leaves like the daisy, bushy species with leaves like the privet and the box, small trees with leaves like the laurel and the poplar, climbing species like the tamus and briony. In fact, the list was a very long one, and showed that there was no definite type of leaf, but that the form in the various species depended on the condition of the species. From these and other considerations, the lecturer concluded that the forms of leaves did not depend on any inherent tendency, but on the structure and organisation, the habits and requirements of the plant. Every one of the almost infinite forms of leaves must have some cause and explanation.

POTATOES.—We have thus far had a mild winter, and the chances of severe weather are diminishing rapidly. But, so far as we have seen, the earlier sorts of potatoes are not forwarder than usual, and those who manage their seed stores properly will have no

need to remove the first growth of sprouts. Every care should be taken to ensure the growth of the crop from the first shoots, for the removal of these is the removal from the tuber of their best work. The reckless waste of the fit and vigorous first growth accounts for at least some of the troubles of potato-growers. The land is now in a mellow and workable state, and planning on forward soils should be begun at once.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been in an unsettled and showery condition generally. During the early part of the period an area of high pressure lay over France, while systems of relatively low readings passed north-eastwards outside our north-western coasts. The barometer fell steadily generally, and somewhat steep gradients for southerly winds were formed over Ireland and the northern parts of England, with rainy, cloudy weather. In the south-east of England a few showers occurred, but the sky occasionally cleared, and some bright mild weather was experienced. After Saturday (14th inst.), the high pressure over France receded somewhat south-eastwards, while shallow depressions travelling easterly or north-easterly approached our south-western and northern coasts. The mercury continued to fall until the disturbance which passed across the southern part of England on Monday (16th inst.) had moved well away to the eastward of our islands, when a recovery of pressure set in generally. The direction of wind varied a good deal in different localities, owing to the complex nature of the distribution of pressure, while in force it was chiefly light to moderate. Showers still continued to fall in the north, although some bright weather was experienced from time to time, but in the south rain fell freely on Sunday (15th inst.) and Monday (16th inst.). During Monday (16th inst.) and Tuesday (17th inst.) snow or sleet showers were reported from many of our stations. At the close of the week temperature had fallen considerably, and the weather on the whole showed some improvement generally. The barometer was highest (30.16 inches) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (29.09 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); range, 1.07 inches. Temperature was highest (58°) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (35°) on Wednesday (16th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 1.09 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.70 inches on Monday (16th inst.).

OCCULTATIONS OF ALDEBARAN.—"Has the moon an atmosphere?" is a question which the most eminent astronomers of our day would answer with some reserve, and one which is brought to the front just now by the series of occultations of Aldebaran which begins on February 22. Of the many stars which disappear behind, or, in astronomical language, are occulted by the moon in her course, the general verdict, "disappeared instantaneously," is given by observers, but to this rule there are exceptions, among which the "bright Aldebaran" is perhaps the most marked. Observers on whose notes doubt cannot be cast have at times noticed stars to hang on the edge of the moon, as would be the case were it possessed of an atmosphere; and Aldebaran having been the star in which this phenomena has been generally noted, astronomers are looking forward to the coming occultations. The brilliancy of the star renders observation possible with very small instruments, and we commend it to all our readers possessing instrumental means. The time of immersion at Greenwich next Sunday is 5 h. 17 min. P.M., and of emersion 5 h. 50 min.

NEW MAPS.—Mr. Edward Stanford has sent us two Maps of the Soudan, by which the movements of our troops can be followed all along the lines of action from Korti to Khartoum and from Suakim to Berber. Both are exceedingly clear, and brought down to the latest date. One—the larger—is drawn on a scale of sixteen miles to an inch. The smaller is entitled "Stanford's Popular Map of the Seat of Military Operations," is particularly handy for general reference, and contains a subsidiary map of the Nile from Khartoum to the Mediterranean, and a plan of Khartoum.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. Davidson Brothers have sent us a selection of coloured embossed pictorial scraps for albums or for mounting on screens. They include the story of Red Riding Hood, of Robinson Crusoe, of Mother Hubbard, and other popular nursery stories, besides capital pictures of fire-engines, omnibuses, &c.—The Artistic Stationery Company, Limited, Plough Court, Fetter Lane, have sent us some pretty specimens of theatrical and other programmes, and Messrs. Marcus Ward some tastefully designed menus and "Cinderella" programmes.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have sent us a number of admirable animal pictures for school and nursery use, and which are well calculated to instil a knowledge of natural history into young children. They are carefully coloured, and underneath are given the titles in English, French, Spanish, and German, the scientific Latin appellation being also appended. The same publishers have also forwarded a large scale map of the United States and Mexico, the scale being forty-six miles to an inch. The map is in four sheets, and is exceedingly clearly and boldly engraved, the names being printed with exceptional distinctness. This is just the map for a school-room wall.—Finally, although St. Valentine's Day has gone by, we should acknowledge the receipt, too late for mention last week, of some "Historic Valentines," from Mr. Harding, of Piccadilly. These cards, which can hardly be called valentines, for there is naught about love or courtship about them, bear some very clever designs, contrasting the old actor and manager with their modern types. One is especially happy. In one corner is shown the old beer-sodden clay-pipe-loving Thespian, and as a contrast is depicted a tall, moustached gentleman, with a glass in eye, a pug dog beneath his arm, and the Haymarket Theatre in the background. He is labelled "Of a retiring disposition."

THE OLD PUBLIC LIBRARY AT HAMPSLEAD has been reorganised, and removed to new quarters in Stanfield House, High Street, where it will be formally opened next Wednesday by Sir Spencer Wells. On Thursday next a loan collection of pictures and black and white drawings will be held in the Library from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M., thus affording the public an opportunity to support the institution. This collection will include works by Turner, Etty, and other bygone painters, together with those by modern artists, such as Millais, Alma Tadema, &c., and numerous drawings by contributors to *Punch*.

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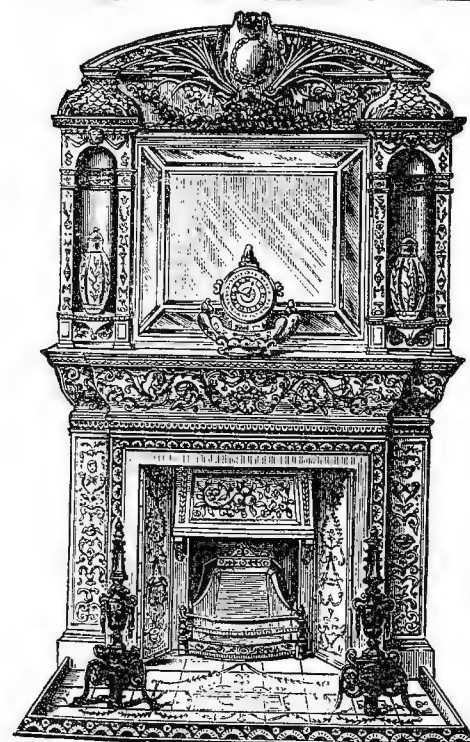
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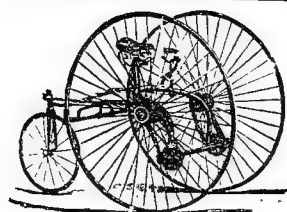
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DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES

' Mrs. Devayne took Lady Milbury's right hand in her own, extended her left to Sir Peter, and said in a slow, drawling voice, 'Now, am I not good?

COUSIN ISIDOR: A NOVELETTE.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," &C., &C.

CHAPTER I.

EXPECTATION

MR. ISIDOR WEEKES had more difficulty than most men in conceiving a state of things in which he, individually, should be cancelled from the memory of former friends and acquaintances. He never pictured to himself their having thought no more of him than he had thought of them during a protracted absence from England.

He had travelled a good deal in the beaten tracks of Europe, had passed some years in the West Indies, and had written a couple of books describing his journeys. Of these works he entertained a very high opinion. And, as he was accustomed to receive many compliments on his literary talents from West Indian friends whose hospitable country-houses he had enshrined "in print," and had had one or two laudatory reviews in provincial newspapers, his idea as to the world's opinion of them was a little exaggerated and misleading.

To be sure he had not precisely looked forward to receiving a national welcome; but he had implicitly taken it for granted that his return would arouse some warmth of sentiment, would occasion, in short, a sensation of some kind. Especially he had looked forward to being received with a certain deference (not to say enthusiastic admiration) by the Milburys. Now all that had hitherto passed—and Mr. Weekes had already been a fortnight in London—was an interchange of notes between him and his cousin Lady Milbury, and a card left by General Sir Peter Milbury at Mr. Weekes's lodgings in the neighbourhood of Portman Square.

Isidor Weekes had kept up an irregular correspondence with his cousin during all the years of their separation. He had much delight in his own talents as a letter-writer, and consequently enjoyed writing letters. His cousin Charlotte, not having any cordial sense of excellence to sustain her in her epistolary efforts, made them more unwillingly; and allowed the intervals between them to become longer and longer. However, in one way or another, the cousins had kept up some sort of communication for several years; so that the main outlines of their respective histories were known to each other, and there was but little lee-way to be made up in the matter of family chronicles. Perhaps it will be best to lay before the reader the note which Mr. Weekes wrote to his cousin after his arrival in London. It ran thus:—

"Weymouth Street,
"Wednesday morning.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—

"My last letter to you from Monte Carlo will have prepared you for my arrival in England. In fact, I was steamed into this smoke-canopied conglomeration of bricks and mortar on Saturday last. The whole journey—at least from Calais to London—was detestable. There were masses of the most objectionable kind of person on the packet-boat and in the railway train, and, in fact, everywhere *en route*. For me who, you know, *odi profanum vulgus* (Sir Peter will interpret for you, otherwise I ought to apologise for writing Latin to a lady; and you, thank Heaven! are not 'blue'), for me, I say, the juxtaposition with members of the *snobocracy* is intolerable. And I find them invading every place of public resort to a frightful extent. Where are the ladies and gentlemen with whom one used formerly to consort? However, the subject is too extensive to be treated *en passant*, and in a note of the dimensions of the present one. Besides, I know not that I could say anything on it *better* than the remarks in the fifth chapter of my book on Jamaica;—although, of course, I might speak more *at length*. I hope to have the pleasure of waiting on you very shortly. I am interested in the progress made by your young ones, whom I have not seen, you remember, since they were in a *pulpy* and uninteresting stage of development. I trust your daughter Enid is well-educated without being *blue*, and vivacious without being *fast*—horrible word! And I hope, too, that her brother Charles has cultivated a polished and gentleman-like demeanour. It is the only badge of all *our* tribe. Your counter-skipper copies our coats, our amusements, and our phrases; but our *manners* are beyond him. From some glimpses I have had, however, of the modern young gentleman, I am inclined to fear that *he* sometimes copies the *counter-skipper*! Far be this declension from a son of *yours*! Present my best remembrances to Sir Peter, to whom I am much indebted for his obliging call; and believe me to remain, as ever,

"My dear Charlotte,
"Your attached Cousin,

"To Lady Milbury."

"ISIDOR WEEKES.

This epistle was handed by Lady Milbury to her husband as they sat at their family breakfast table one morning. Sir Peter read it attentively through the double eyeglass which had been assisting him

to decipher the closely-printed columns of a Parliamentary debate in his daily newspaper.

"Tut!" he exclaimed, knitting his eyebrows, and laying down the letter. "What a terribly affected style your cousin writes in! And these continual dashes, and marks of admiration—!"

"That's just as he talks. Isidor always was peculiar," said Lady Milbury.

"May I look, mamma?" asked Enid. And she took up Mr. Weekes's letter with the confidence of a pet daughter unaccustomed to be refused anything. Miss Enid had handsome dark eyebrows like her father's, of whom indeed she was a refined and feminine copy; but she did not knit them like Sir Peter, but arched them with a comical look of surprise and amusement. "Gracious goodness!" she cried. "What an eccentric and absurd old party this cousin Isidor must be!"

"Don't take a prejudice against him, Enid," said Lady Milbury, appealingly.

"No, mamma. But he does write awful bosh," replied the young lady carelessly. She then kissed her mother's forehead and left the room.

"I wish Enid hadn't seen that letter," said Lady Milbury.

"If you did not choose her to see it you should have refused permission," said her husband.

"Oh, you know Enid always has her own way. And perhaps it doesn't much matter. Only she has such a quick sense of humour; and if she takes it into her head to make fun of Cousin Isidor, I shall be vexed."

"Enid will never behave improperly."

"No; not to his face, of course. But I mean if she doesn't show him some attention and deference. Isidor expects a good deal of that sort of thing."

"I should fear he is somewhat often disappointed."

"Well, but, Peter, it is worth while to be civil to him."

"Worth while! I should hope it was worth my children's while to be civil to every one."

"You know what I mean. If Isidor were to leave his property to the children, it would be doing injustice to nobody, for I believe I am the nearest surviving relation he has in the world."

"There are the Fairfords."

"Well, yes; there are the Fairfords. But Eliza never was his favourite cousin. And he didn't like her marrying a country doctor."

"Don't build castles in the air, my Lady Milbury. And don't put notions into our girl's head about acting a part, or flattering a vain old man for the sake of his money."

Lady Milbury looked hurt for a moment; but as she was the sweetest-tempered woman in the world she did not make a sharp answer, but merely remarked that she saw no harm in Enid's trying to please Cousin Isidor, who was her godfather, and that, moreover, a few thousands would be a very welcome provision for their girl.

Sir Peter thought so too. And to tell the truth, as he walked down to his club, his thoughts were quite as busy with the possible amount of old Isidor Weekes's savings, and the chance that he might bequeath them to Enid Milbury, as were his wife's. But he was not accustomed to pay for the achievement of his serious wishes by giving up his passing inclinations. If any small social sacrifices were necessary, Lady Milbury would make them. That was her department.

The young people, meanwhile, Enid and her brother Charles, thought very little about their mother's cousin; and when one afternoon, about a fortnight after the arrival of his note, the servant announced Mr. Isidor Weekes, Enid looked up from the desk at which she was writing, and exclaimed "Dear me! That's your complete letter-writer isn't it, mamma? I had forgotten all about him!"

"Is Mr. Weekes in the drawing-room? I'll go to him. Come, Enid! Or stay!—! Perhaps you had better wait here until I—," began Lady Milbury, rising hurriedly, and speaking with unusual excitement. She was a gentle, stout, placid-mannered woman, and very seldom spoke or moved hastily.

"Oh, need I come at all?" asked Enid. "I want to finish this note; and I don't suppose the old gentleman will care to see *me* just yet. He must have all sorts of things to talk about with you, mamma."

Lady Milbury was adjusting her cap before the looking-glass, and only answered, "Of course he will want to see you, Enid. But you can remain here a few minutes." Then she left the room and betook herself upstairs to the drawing-room, where Mr. Isidor Weekes awaited her.

"I'm so glad to see you, Isidor!"

"How are you, my dear Charlotte?"

The two cousins shook hands, and then paused a moment, looking at each other. They had parted twenty years ago; and twenty years cut "a huge cante" out of any human life. Lady Milbury had then been a pretty young woman with auburn curls and a slender figure. She was now a smooth-faced stout matron, and would have looked younger than her years had her hair not become silver-grey. Mr. Weekes had not been a young man twenty years ago. He was now four or five-and-sixty: a small, yellow-skinned, wizened, wrinkled man, with a head as bald as a billiard ball, and bushy grey moustaches and eyebrows. He spoke in a low feeble voice, but with pedantic distinctness of enunciation, so far as that was possible, in spite of the loss of most of his front teeth. When he shook hands with his cousin he made a formal little bow, turning out his feet, and thrusting out his head in an odd fashion. He was, in truth, less changed by the lapse of years than Charlotte Milbury. When she had last seen him he had been rather bald, rather wizened, and rather yellow; his voice had been weak, and his manner finical. Now all these peculiarities were increased and exaggerated. But as they conversed together his cousin recalled all his former traits.

"You are looking well, Charlotte," said Mr. Weekes, after they had talked for a few minutes. "You have preserved your complexion; and the grey hair is not unbecoming. I am thankful to find that you wear your own hair. A be-wigged matron is a terrible spectacle." And Mr. Weekes shut his eyes, as though the terrible spectacle were before him.

"It's a good thing I am not bald. If I had been I should have been obliged to wear a front, or something," returned Lady Milbury, naively. Then colouring with a bright pink flush like a girl, she added quickly, "Of course it is of no consequence to a *man* to be bald. Women are different."

"Quite. Do you know *why* it is so much more disagreeable to see a bald woman than a bald man? Because baldness suggests a predominance of the mental faculties, which is repulsive in a woman."

"Oh! I'm sure you do not like stupid women, Isidor!" exclaimed Lady Milbury, thinking of her own clever daughter. "At least you must be greatly changed if you do!"

"Stupidity is always odious. But you failed, my dear Charlotte, to observe my phrase with accuracy. I said *predominance*—the mental faculties in women should not *predominate*." Which word Mr. Weekes pronounced "predumminate."

"But do you really think that bald persons always look cleverer than other people? I cannot agree with you. We had a bald butler once, and Sir Peter used to say he was the greatest blockhead he ever encountered."

Mr. Weekes shut his eyes with an air of resigned patience; murmuring, "Well, well, well," and waving his hand as though to close the subject. After a few moments he began to ask Lady Milbury about her children: inquiring as to their tastes and dispositions, their appearance, talents, acquisitions, and manners. This was a theme on which the proud mother talked with enthusiasm and conviction. She was delighted by the interest which Isidor took in her Charley and Enid. And it did not strike her that Isidor chiefly considered her answers as a text from which to develop at some length his own views of what a young gentleman and gentlewoman ought to be. In fact she interrupted him in the very midst of a speech beginning, "The paramount importance of refinement in a woman, and a high tone of breeding in a man"—by rising from her chair and saying eagerly, "But I won't keep you here prosiing with me. Enid is in my boudoir. Let us go downstairs. I am sure you are anxious to see her."

CHAPTER II.

PERTURBATION

THERE could be no doubt that Enid Milbury was a very handsome young lady. She was, moreover, upright and graceful in her carriage, and had a low sweet voice;—all charms of which Mr. Isidor Weekes was very sensible. And yet Enid Milbury did not altogether delight him at their first interview. She could not, as he allowed in his mental criticism of his young cousin, be called flippant. Flippancy implies a touch of vulgarity; and Enid was not vulgar. No; she certainly was not vulgar. But she was—*indifferent*, perhaps, was the word he wanted; too cool, too sure of herself, too *nonchalante* as to other persons. Beauty is, no doubt, attractive; and so is a slim, straight figure, and a refined voice. But "if she be not fair to *me*"—that is to say, if she too obviously cares not a straw what I think of her, admiration is blunted. Still, on the whole, Mr. Weekes would not allow, even to himself, that Enid had made any other than an agreeable impression on him. Whatever little defects of manner she might have could not, at her age, be incurable, and they were, in all probability, derived from her father (whom Mr. Weekes remembered as a fine, well-grown animal, but rather coarse in his perceptions); since Cousin Charlotte really was a very sweet woman, and, although not perhaps brilliant, was highly appreciative; which, in a woman, was almost better. Mr. Weekes engaged himself to dine with the Milburys on the day but one following his first visit to their house. "A little dinner, *en famille*, if you please, Charlotte," he said.

"Don't ask a parcel of strangers to meet me. I don't want to be *trotted out* just yet."

When Mr. Weekes arrived in his cousin's drawing-room some ten minutes before the hour fixed for dinner, he found Lady Milbury alone there. She seated herself beside him, and began in a confidential tone: "I'm so glad you came early, Isidor, because I wanted to tell you—there is no party, you know, only I have asked Mrs. Devayne. We were obliged to have another woman to make an even number, you know. And Sir Peter gets on with Mrs. Devayne. And I thought you might like to meet her. She is thought a great deal of among clever people—artistic and literary and musical, you know."

Mr. Weekes half closed his eyes, and slightly bent his head. His countenance expressed no very ardent interest in Mrs. Devayne; but he inquired in a faint tone of polite toleration, "Does she *do* anything?"

"Do anything?"

"Artistic—literary—musical?"

"Oh! Oh, no; I don't think she exactly does anything herself. But she is extremely clever. I believe that people in her own set consider her far superior to most professional artists—at least, I mean she *could* be superior if she were to exert her talents. She has, by the bye, written some poems, and they have been printed—but only for private circulation. She's very fond of literary society, you know."

Mr. Weekes, on the ground that he had written two books which had been not only printed but published, considered himself to be very literary indeed. And in any case Mrs. Devayne would naturally like *his* society.

Presently Sir Peter Milbury came into the room with an apology for not having been there to receive his guest. "We were longer than usual over our afternoon rubber at the club, and I got hold of a slow hansom, of course, because I was in a hurry," he said.

Isidor Weekes remembered Milbury, as has been said, when the latter was a fine, well-grown young man. He was now a fine-looking elderly gentleman, with an erect military carriage, dark eyebrows, a fresh colour, and abundant grey hair. Mr. Weekes looked smaller, yellower, and more wizened than ever by the side of the portly General, but the contrast did not present itself to his imagination in that light. What did strike him was the smallness of his own hands and feet as compared with Sir Peter's.

It wanted only two minutes to the dinner-hour when Enid Milbury entered the drawing-room closely followed by her brother. The young man had to be presented to his mother's cousin, who looked at him approvingly, and said in his faint pedantic utterance, "Charles resembles you, Charlotte. He resembles you greatly. His colouring is quite the same. And the expression of the eyes when he smiles is all your own."

The General had looked twice at his watch with a frown, and had asked his wife with some severity of manner whether she were aware that it was eight minutes past dinner-time, when the door was thrown open and the servant announced Mrs. Devayne.

Mrs. Devayne took Lady Milbury's right hand in her own, extended her left to Sir Peter, and said in a slow, drawing voice, "Now, am I not good?"

"Good!" echoed Sir Peter. "Not at all. Very far from good. Look at this!" At the same time he held up his watch in one hand, and sharply rang the bell with the other.

"Oh, I'm not addressing you," rejoined Mrs. Devayne. "I'm talking to Lady Milbury. You are one of those dreadful persons who rush through life five minutes too soon for everything, and flatter yourself you save time. I maintain that I am extremely, and even superfluously, good. My punctuality is absolutely overstrained. And it is quite unappreciated. Next time I'll make you wait half-an-hour,—taking Lady Milbury into my confidence beforehand."

"No, I'll be shot if you do! I wait for no man; and for no woman longer than ten minutes. Dinner, Stephens! Come along," said Sir Peter, placing Mrs. Devayne's hand on his arm, and marching her out of the room. Mr. Weekes followed with Lady Milbury, and the young folks brought up the rear.

Mr. Weekes had been peering at Mrs. Devayne in considerable astonishment from the moment of her entrance, and he now kept his eyes fixed on her retreating form, as she preceded him into the dining-room. He had never seen any lady attired as Mrs. Devayne was attired. She was a woman of forty-five or thereabouts, thin and tall, with reddish sandy hair, regular features, and a pale skin. So far there was nothing very unusual in her appearance. But her dress struck Mr. Weekes's long-exiled eyes as something incredibly eccentric. Her gown was of a dull green hue, and hung in straight clinging folds to the ground. She apparently wore no stays, and she certainly wore no exterior cinch or waistband, her dress being made in one piece, after the fashion of a cassock. The bodice was cut round so as to show a space of about three inches below the point where the throat springs from the shoulders, and had no scrap of white lace, or tucker of any sort. The sleeves were puffed up high on the shoulders and slashed, showing a lining of some antique stuff, embroidered in dull gold. She had no necklace or ornament of any kind round her throat; but she wore at her breast a richly-chased antique brooch, remarkably dirty. Her hair, not particularly abundant, was so towzled and rough, and stuck out here and there in so disorderly a fashion, as to suggest unpleasant ideas of her negligence in the use of those familiar implements, a comb and brush. Round her head she wore a wreath—also straggling, and with a wild tendency to stick up on end—of artificial laurel-leaves.

"She's very æsthetic," whispered Lady Milbury, following the fixed gaze of her cousin's eyes.

"Does she *always* make such an extraordinary fright of herself?" inquired Mr. Weekes in more than usually muffled tones. And there was no sarcastic intention in his question. He might become loftily ironical when he was made to understand Mrs. Devayne's pretensions; but for the present he was fairly astonished into simple plain speaking.

Lady Milbury was relieved from the necessity of replying by their being obliged at this moment to take their seats at table. And then, while the party were eating their soup, there was no general conversation. Presently, however, Lady Milbury observed to her husband that Mrs. Devayne had not yet been made acquainted with their cousin; and the presentation was at once made. As Mrs. Devayne sat on the host's right hand, and Mr. Weekes on the hostess's right hand, they faced each other at opposite corners of the table. Mr. Weekes made as formal a bow as the circumstances would admit of, flushing a little at the same time with a nervous sense of the impression his manners, conversation, and reputation ought to make on the lady, intensified by a half-smothered doubt as to whether she would prove as appreciative as could be wished. Mrs. Devayne turned her head a little, elongated her chin, and looked, not so much at Mr. Weekes, as over his head. It was the pose and expression perpetuated on canvas in a portrait of Mrs. Devayne, taken as a Muse by a young artist *protégé* of hers, who painted (his friends said) like Botticelli. It was not exactly a graceful pose, since it was adapted to attract the beholder's attention to the jaw, and to make that the most important portion of the countenance; neither was it a cheerful expression, conveying, indeed, that blank sort of melancholy usually associated with idiot asylums.

"Oh yes, I know," she said, after a considerable pause, speaking very slowly, and retaining the blank look and the attitude which

were supposed to be in the manner of Botticelli. "Lady Milbury has often spoken about you. You've been abroad a long time."

This was so far satisfactory; and Mr. Weekes was just preparing an extended sketch or outline of his travels, together with some pregnant observations as to the impression made on his mind by what he had seen in London since his return—had, in fact, begun: "The difference obtained in one's views by shifting, to use an artist's phrase, the point of sight,"—when Mrs. Devayne dropped her eyes, leant back in her chair, and addressing young Milbury, who sat on her right hand, said to him in exactly the same slow drawling tones as before, "Charley, I'm going to convert you to Kipperoff. He's to play for me on Thursday at tea-time. You must come."

"I can't stand Kipperoff, Mrs. Devayne."

"You must learn to stand him. And you must learn to adore him. Hear him play one of his own *Scènes Dantesques*—the eighth *bolgia*. It's too supremely intense."

Mr. Weekes remained with his mouth half open for a moment completely disconcerted. His yellow bald forehead grew crimson; his small sunken eyes glittered under the overhanging eye brows. But almost immediately he explained to himself that Mrs. Devayne had not heard him begin his speech. His voice was weak, he knew, and the servants had been changing the dishes.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Devayne had not heard him; although she might very probably have heard him if she would. But Mrs. Devayne, when she recalled her own image, painted after the manner of Botticelli, was apt to become absorbed by it, and rather obtuse to external impressions.

After dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn, things were not much better with Mr. Weekes. He drank very little wine. He detested tobacco in every shape. And he took not the smallest interest in Sir Peter Milbury's views as to Army reform. That was very natural. But what was extremely odd was that Sir Peter Milbury took no interest in *his*—Isidor Weekes's—descriptions of Calabria and Modern Greece; nor in his opinion of governmental mismanagement in Jamaica! There even appeared some reason to doubt whether the General had ever read Mr. Weekes's books. But this point Mr. Weekes allowed to remain in obscurity, being unwilling, for his cousin Charlotte's sake, to convict her husband of so discreditable a lack of taste and intelligence. He might have found a more appreciative listener in Charles, who appeared a good-humoured, well-mannered young fellow enough, had there been a fourth person present to talk to his father. But in a party of three it was impossible to engage in a conversational duet, and leave the host out of the concert. So Mr. Weekes resigned himself to the fumes of a couple of cigars and the discussion of things military until it was time to go into the drawing-room.

There they found the pianoforte open, and Enid seated at it, passing her fingers to and fro over the keys as she talked. Now Mr. Weekes was very fond of music—so fond of it, indeed, that he occasionally forgot, in listening to it, his own responsibilities as an excellent judge, and had been known to be uncritically delighted. Accordingly he walked up to the instrument, and with his most elaborate bow (Mr. Weekes piqued himself on the courtliness of his bow), said, "My dear Enid, pray allow me to hear you play. Or perhaps you sing? But I shall enjoy either a vocal or instrumental performance."

Enid looked up with an amused smile. She had a very pretty smile, and Mr. Weekes duly remarked it. "Oh," she said, "my performances are not much worth listening to. I only play a little. You ought to petition Mrs. Devayne to play to you."

Mr. Weekes felt that he owed no special deference to Mrs. Devayne; and although he would not, for the world, have been gratuitously uncivil, he considered that lady to have earned a genteelly-administered snubbing. So he replied in a voice rather more distinct and audible than usual, "No, my dear; I beg *you* to favour me. Youth and beauty have a delightful congruity with the divine art. We elders must be allowed the pleasure of looking as well as listening;—must we not?" he added, turning with extreme politeness towards the sofa whereon Mrs. Devayne and Lady Milbury were seated side by side. Lady Milbury smiled with pleased acquiescence. Nothing could be more natural than to like looking at, as well as listening to, her Enid. Mrs. Devayne, perhaps declining to consider herself included among the "elders," made no response.

"Come, Enid, give us some music," said Sir Peter. Whereupon Enid turned to Mr. Weekes and inquired what sort of music he liked. It appeared that he had a very catholic taste, and left the choice entirely to her. So Enid sang a song with German words, and with so very abstruse and predominant a part for the pianoforte, that it might have been fairly called a chromatic sonata, with vocal accompaniment.

"Too lovely!" drawled Mrs. Devayne, with half-shut eyes. "So much colour!"

"Do you like Lassen?" asked Enid of Mr. Weekes, finding him remain silent.

"I'm extremely obliged to you, my dear," replied Mr. Weekes. "You have a very pretty voice. But I should like,—and I am sure Mrs. Devayne, who is an accomplished musician, will agree with me,—to hear you in some composition of a higher class."

Mrs. Devayne looked a little surprised. Truth to say, her musical knowledge was not very profound, nor her musical aptitude very special; but she knew that the uninitiated would have pronounced the song just sung to be crabbed and ugly; and she began to wonder, with a dawning respect for Mr. Weekes, whether his standard could possibly require anything still uglier. Resolved to set this doubt at rest, she addressed Mr. Weekes directly for the first time since the moment of their introduction to each other, and asked, with some Botticellian play of chin, "as for instance?"

"As for instance,—why, 'My mother bids me bind my hair; '—or, better still, a bit of Mozart."

"Mozart!" exclaimed Mrs. Devayne, falling back on the sofa quite reassured. "Oh! I see."

"I need scarcely ask a lady of your taste whether she is an admirer of the divine Mozart," said Mr. Weekes.

"Oh, Mozart!" exclaimed Mrs. Devayne again in a tone of amused superiority. "Ah! yes. But isn't he rather—? So very tune-y, isn't he?"

"Tune-y!"

"And I think Haydn is awfully stiff," said Enid. She was turning over her music-books, and did not see the expression of Mr. Weekes's face.

"I dare say Cousin Isidor is like me, Enid, and prefers the old-fashioned music. The new school may be very profound and very fine, but I cannot help liking the old favourites best," said Lady Milbury amiably.

Mr. Weekes meanwhile stood speechless with a kind of flustered dignity. His self-conceit was not at all of a tough, thick-headed sort. It was, on the contrary, irritably sensitive, and, although impossible to kill, very easy to hurt. It sent a nervous flush over his face, and caused his withered white hands to tremble, and rendered him helplessly unready with some crushing remarks which would undoubtedly have considerably humiliated Mrs. Devayne, if she had but given him time to make them. But she did not give him time. All unheeding of his outraged self-importance, and quite indifferent to his musical opinion now that he had committed himself to liking Mozart, Mrs. Devayne calmly changed the subject; and before Mr. Isidor Weekes could collect himself sufficiently even to get his artillery into position, she was far away out of range, and

engaged with Sir Peter Milbury in a gossiping discussion about persons of whom Mr. Weekes had never heard.

He could not recover himself. It was in vain that Enid burrowed among her music books until she found a copy of "Dove song" and sang it through; it was in vain that Charley Milbury, at his mother's express request, came and performed "La ci darem" with Enid, giving the notes in a pleasant baritone voice, and the words with the accent of the best—English—society; it was in vain that Lady Milbury exerted herself to talk on subjects which she thought would be agreeable to her cousin—quoted his book on Jamaica, and hoped he would bring his sketches to show them, for she knew what an accomplished artist he was. All this, which at another time would have delighted him, did not now suffice to soothe his ruffled *amour propre*. The sight of Mrs. Devayne's towzled hair and protruding chin, the sound of her monotonous drawing voice, her air of calm self-satisfaction, and evidently genuine oblivion of his (Isidor Weekes's) existence, irritated his nerves unendurably. And scarcely less odious to him at that moment was the spectacle of General Sir Peter Milbury, very upright and portly on his own hearth-rug, cheered, though not inebriated, by a liberal allowance of claret, and gallantly carrying on a bantering conversation with his fair guest, whose medieval æstheticism by no means indisposed her to a little prosaic and post-Raphaelite flirtation. Mr. Weekes took his leave very early; and Lady Milbury said to her husband when they were alone that poor Isidor hadn't been happy, and that she saw now it had been injudicious to invite Mrs. Devayne. "We should have done better quite by ourselves," said Lady Milbury, "for he is charmed with the children, and admires Enid immensely, I can see."

"I'm truly thankful we were *not* quite alone!" cried Sir Peter. "Your cousin, my dear, is a bore. I could hardly get a word out of him when you women went away."

"I'm sorry he was unhappy, Peter."

"Unhappy! Nonsense! He was happy enough, I dare say."

"I mean—he wasn't—he didn't shine at all. And I'm afraid he felt it."

"Oh, as to *that*," replied Sir Peter, composing himself to slumber, "he will have to get used to not shining. I should have thought he must be used to it long ago. But he was happy enough, I dare say."

Sir Peter would have been greatly astonished if he could have heard the half-uttered soliloquy in which Mr. Isidor Weekes reviewed his evening. Mr. Weekes had it all his own way, in retrospect at all events, and annihilated Mrs. Devayne with those cutting speeches which could not be got ready in time. As to the General himself, I fear he was stigmatised as a "D—d coarse brute." But then, it must be remembered that Charlotte Milbury was right, and that poor Mr. Weekes had been very unhappy.

(To be continued)



"THE CARDICS," by William George Walters (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), belongs in its general conception to a higher order of fiction than that of every day. It is at any rate an attempt to delineate passion instead of being content with sentiment, and to deal with human nature directly instead of the accidents of contemporary society. Clifford Cardic is something more than a young man who is as undecided as one of Anthony Trollope's heroines, and always makes love to the lips that are near. He is an addition to the long list of those who have had to make the choice of Hercules, and to decide between the lives typified by opposite orders of women. The idea is presented quite successfully enough to be intelligible, without losing what it is the custom to call the "human interest" expected in a novel. Again, Nina Bassaley is a very fair portrait of the woman nobler than her circumstances, with magnificent impulses, and instincts that serve her instead of principles, and as ready for self-sacrifice as a savage. The deplorable defect of the novel is that all its really fine conceptions are wasted upon the pettiest and most inadequate complications. Nina's tragedy of self-devotion is thrown away upon the recovery of a forged acceptance, of which quite as much is made as of anything in the story, and which more naturally belongs to the poorer sort of detective novel. It may be that Mr. Walters had an idea of illustrating the waste of great means upon trivial aims, the heroic blunders of lofty natures, and the inseparability, in actual life, of romance and prose. But, if so, he has by no means made any such intention manifest, and we fear we are reading in his volumes something more than they contain. The construction is exceedingly crude: a novel that does not introduce any but the most subordinate of its womankind till the second volume will find many prejudices to overcome. However, we have said enough to show that the second and the third will be found decidedly suggestive, and more than ordinarily interesting.

"For His Friend," by E. M. Abdy-Williams (3 vols. : Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), seems to be written for the honour and glory of Robert Browning, to whom it is dedicated. It contains a great deal of Mr. Browning's poetry: and that is well, for it very decidedly needs all the strengthening from without that it can obtain. Besides, it is also well that the ordinary reader of ordinary novels, with stock quotations, should see, now and then, that there are things in literature not contained in his philosophy. But the result is exceedingly grotesque. Mr. Browning's poetry does unquestionably look as if it had lost its way in straying about the pages of an ordinary story of sentimental flirtation. A leading character wanders so far into the deeper mysteries as to pose for an advanced sceptic and apologist for suicide, but all this was easily cured by the current of his love-story turning smooth. Throughout the novel, calf-love and calf-philosophy go harmoniously hand in hand. "For His Friend" is perfectly harmless, and does not take long to read.

"Bees and Butterflies," by the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd, (3 vols. : Chapman and Hall), does not well bear comparison with one or two of its author's former works—"The Dutch Cousin," for example. The story is little, if at all, above the average, while the construction and development are, if possible, a little below. The characters belong to the usual types at present in favour—the strong, middle-aged, self-made man, who wins a girl's love by means of his slowly-discovered nobility: the self-taught singer, for whom nature has done more than art is able to do for the great majority of its disciples; the prodigal father; and so on. It need scarcely be said that some of the leading complications are due to a perfectly unjust and idiotic will, with provisions depending upon a particular marriage, but with additional stupidities of its own. The principal fault of construction is due to there being two separate plots, unconnected except by the relationship among the actors in both, and so managed that one is forgotten as often and for as long as the other proceeds. However, judged by the average standard, "Bees and Butterflies" has few defects deserving exceptional notice—none, at any rate, to stand in the way of an average amount of popularity.

"Sybilla," by Mrs. G. Linneus Banks (3 vols. : F. V. White and Co.), is a collection of seven stories, altogether exceptionally worth republishing, if they, or any of them, have appeared before. They are of very different length, the second and principal, "By Ways

Unknown," being equal in quantity to an ordinary novel in a single volume. To enter into a separate examination of all the seven stories is of course out of question. But "By Ways Unknown" calls for special notice for much better reasons than its accidental prominence in the matter of length. It is an exceedingly graceful and touching tale of the nature indicated by the title, and is constructed with admirable simplicity. The scene is laid in Sandwich—that quaint old town with a queer history, which seems to have been created for novelists and painters. Nevertheless Mrs. Banks is loyal to historic Manchester. "Sybilla," which gives its title to the three volumes, is a picturesque account of the part played by Manchester in the Jacobite rising of 1745. By the way, it is to be hoped that Mrs. Banks does even the contemporary novel reader injustice in assuming that the term "Jacobite" has come to require explanation. Yet we have our suspicions: the Crimean War is the usual novelist's beginning of time. It need not be said that in the Manchester of a hundred and forty years ago Mrs. Banks is at home, and that she has the faculty not only of making it live again to her own imagination, but to the imaginations of readers to whom Manchester would otherwise be but Cottonopolis, and nothing more. Having read these two tales, comprising half the volumes, the reader will not fail to make acquaintance with the remainder.

"Although He Was a Lord, and Other Tales," by Mrs. Forrester (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is another collection of stories, the first supplying the general title. It is impossible to say that they are worth republication, though no doubt they satisfactorily fulfilled their original purposes. A slight flavour of social satire redeems them from complete insipidity: but, on the whole, they afford no exception to the ordinary rule, that collections of stories are not advisable experiments in the art of book-making.

THE "WOODS OF JUSTICE"

THERE has assuredly been a superabundance of blood-shedding in France during Mr. Grévy's very constitutional reign; but it has been nearly all unofficial blood-shedding. Messieurs les Assassins have begun and gone on, and the hangman has lagged behind fearfully. When juries with microscopic eyes fail to discover the smallest *circonstances atténuantes*, M. Grévy rides his old hobby through the record of sentence; and three months afterwards M. Fenayrou, or the interesting youth Abadie, are enjoying a comfortable cabin and comparative freedom in New Caledonia, with a pleasant prospect of one day gracing some one of our Australian colonies with their presence. But M. de Paris's office is perhaps not less interesting for being a sinecure. Most men probably feel more curiosity about the Chiltern Hundreds than about the Board of Trade. The rust on M. Deibler's tools gives them something of an antiquarian attraction; and, as a rule, M. Deibler himself appears a somewhat more sympathetic personage than he could be held if he were a busy functionary.

We are all supposed to know the history of the guillotine; but, in truth, few know much more than the legend. Dubois, a former Secretary of the Academy of Medicine, appears to have been fascinated by the sinister instrument. He was perpetually prying into its pedigree, reading memoirs on the subject, engaging in controversies reeking of the shambles as to who really first imagined a means of taking his fellow-creature's head off with mathematical precision. The Dr. Guillotin theory he absolutely disproved. That humane physician merely exercised his mind concerning the clumsy use of swords and axes, and only proposed—did not invent—a mechanical substitute. It was not until '91 that Lepelletier Saint Fargeau procured a decree of the Assembly ordaining that decapitation by machinery should take the place of the old hazardous method. A Committee of the Assembly deliberated on the question during some months, and finally decided to appeal to M. Louis, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgeons, asking for a consultation on the subject of decollation sure and rapid—the *tuto et cito* of chirurgery; and the illustrious *savant* sent in his report in a few days afterwards. Starting from the axiom that a blade striking perpendicularly tears and bruises the flesh, the report states that a knife which shall be slanting, and will consequently slide or saw swiftly, must be the best cutting instrument. Curiously enough, the reporter goes on to cite the English instrument as the type he would employ—"two posts traversed at top by a bar, from which a bolt lets drop a convex axe." Louis made experiments with a machine of this kind on unfortunate inmates of Bicêtre; and, with the help of a German artisan, Schmidt, and the head carpenter of the Domaine, he finished by constructing a guillotine exactly resembling the present one in all essentials.

The first experiments were made under the supervision of Sanson, the hereditary headman. The first criminal dragged under the dropping knife was Pelletier, a highwayman; and another Pelletier was the first to call the "inimitable machine" "guillotine" in some satirical verses which he published in his journal, the *Actes des Apôtres*—a very unapostolical production. Other godfathers came forward and wanted to call the new invention "Louisian," after M. Louis; and Mirabeau constructed an instrument on somewhat similar lines, which the song-writers of the day promptly christened "La Mirabelle."

Nous aurons la machine
De guillotine,
Quel coup de chien!
Ou nous aurons la belle
Mirabelle!
Eh, bien!
Avec celle-ci, avec celle-là,
La, là,
Nous le danserions belle,
Vous m'entendez bien!

This is only one of a hundred popular strains called into being by the lethal novelty. It was also cynically dubbed "The Widow."

In our more serious, and let us hope more delicate, days the machine is officially known as "Les Bois de la Justice." Nothing so hideous and harrowing is mentioned as an executioner or a knife. It is Monsieur de Paris and "the Woods of Justice," as if the cold steel were but a very unimportant part of the contrivance. Whoever cares to look upon the "Woods" in their privacy must go to that most hideous of all modern Golgothas, La Roquette, even as he would to see them perform their public functions. The "Woods" are kept in an appropriately sombre and deserted street, Folie St. Regnault, about a bowshot from La Roquette, and running or crawling between the Rue des Boulets—another appropriate name, savouring wholesomely of the galleys—and the awful, desolate Chemin Vert, whereby the prison tumbrils take dead captives to the felons' cemetery. Gloomy fanciers of funereal spectacles know the place well enough, and you may usually see two or three peering through the wide chinks of the shutters on the gaunt beams and planks the leaning against the walls, on the rough cupboards crammed with the more sinister paraphernalia; and when there is any chance of an "event" happening the morrow, crowds come up and wait to see if there are lights by night in "the Widow's" lodgings. The lights for mean preparations, and the seekers of strong emotions for the morrow know that they may sit up all night without fear of being disappointed. If nothing is announced, they have always the satisfaction of being able to tell their friends that Justice squares her woods rather coarsely, paints them a dull red, and generally in her arrangements is rather shabbily disposed for a personage who in most countries costs her weight in gold.

The titular executioner has the sole care and key of the species of barn where his instrument is lodged. He is alone responsible for

its being in working order, and he is supposed to preside at all reparatory works which may be required. In reality, his two *aides* do all the rough work, helped by carpenters and joiners, iron-workers, locksmiths, whoever the interesting chief may regard as necessary. But he may introduce no modification in the machine without the consent of the Minister of Justice. The present functionary, Deibler, was the assistant of Heindrich, a really superior person, who had taken his doctor's degree at Jena. Some years ago the two *aides* were Alexandre, a robust, rotund, and rubicund fellow, on whom the "heavy" work devolved, and Doubleau, a neat, dapper little tradesman in appearance and manner. Whoever they may be, the assistants, like the chief, are highly respectable citizens, with that love of family and dumb domestic creatures that Robespierre had for his birds and dog; and they are always of two sizes, like the specialists who move pianos, a tall one to push from below, and a small one to pull from above. The small one carries the condemned man's carpet-bag, all he needs for his last dread journey, ropes for the feet, straps for the arms, scissors for the hair and shirt collar, a black veil for the parricide, a strait-waistcoat for the savage. The headman himself never lays a finger on his patient; all needful attentions are paid by the subordinates. The three are considerably better paid than their British compeers, and are, moreover, more respectfully treated. The chief's salary is nearly 300*l.* a year, and his expenses are liberally defrayed. Until a few years ago he had free lodgings at the Conciergerie, if he chose to use them, and he has probably rent-money now as the equivalent. The almost automatic action of the guillotine renders him a mere figure-head on the scaffold planks. He is a mere passive presiding genius before they are reached. When M. Grévy's reluctant fiat has gone forth ordaining the decollation of a man for the morrow, M. Deibler looks first to his tools, greases and exercises them; then in the early morning, while the grey masses move, and laugh, and drink around the Place de la Roquette, he drives up in a modest cab, gives a glance at the almost completed scaffold—supported by four stout poles fixed in permanent holes, which are the admiration of all the neighbouring street drabdom—and then enters the low prison-door, and signs a receipt for the body (he is already a body) of his patient. After that he does nothing, save pull the string which loosens the sloping knife. Another functionary conveys the divided corpse to the Champ des Navets in a green coach, containing a special place for the basket destined to receive the head. The *toilette du condamné* is shorter than with us, the whole ceremonial more rapid. While the scissors work on the wretch's hair, the priest mutters his prayers. The headman merely waits at the door; he has given his receipt, and claims his bargain. That "bargain" never knows his fate before four or five in the morning, when the prison Governor wakes him with the conventional warning, "Un tel, votre pourvoi est rejeté."

E. J.

LITERARY NOTES ON BOURNEMOUTH

It cannot be said that there is much literary history belonging to Bournemouth itself. The chief mention that we find of the place is in the various medical and scientific works which treat of the popular subject of climatology. Indeed it has been said that Bournemouth owes its very existence to a passage in a book. Sir James Clark, the Queen's physician, led the way in this description of literature, and in his well-known work he made a remark on Bournemouth which really made the fortune of the place. It may be interesting to recall this celebrated and very useful sentence, for it is nothing more than a sentence:—"From an attentive consideration of its position, its soil, and the configuration and character of the surrounding country, there can be no doubt that Bournemouth deserves a place among our best climates, and for a certain class of invalids, capable of taking exercise in the open air, affords a very favourable winter air." The people of Bournemouth ought to have this sentence written in letters of gold, for letters of gold they have literally proved themselves to be. Other learned doctors have followed vigorously on the same side. Bournemouth is famous for its pinewood, and it is supposed that, like those of Arcachon, they have a salutary effect in cases of phthisis. The resinous odour of the pinewood is chiefly perceived when the sun shines clear after rain, especially in the spring of the year. The establishment of various sanatoria, under the best medical auspices, seem almost to guarantee the salubrity of the place. The Bournemouth people, however, seem to be cutting away their pines to a great extent. They might be reminded that many an Alpine village has been ruined by the destruction of its pine woods. The pretty village on the Bourn might complain, like CEnone to the many-fountained Ida,—

They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My dark, tall pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge.

That class of invalids, who, to quote Sir James Clark's phrase, are "capable of taking exercise in the open air," accompanied by volunteer friends, delight in making expeditions by sea and land. Every morning, in the busy time of the year, there are two steamers, one on either side of the pier, to take visitors to choice spots in the neighbourhood. The favourite expedition is to Swanage, and hither the steamers frequently run two or three times a day. It is a quick run of only eight miles by sea, but three times the distance by land, to get to Swanage. Charles Kingsley, who knew and loved all our southern watering-places, thus speaks of it:—"A quaint old-world village runs down to the water, over green downs, quarried in every direction with the stone workings of seven hundred years. Land-locked from every breeze, huge elms flourish on the dry sea beach, and the gayest and tenderest garden flowers bask under the hot stone walls. A pleasanter spot for summer sea-bathing is not to be found eastward of the Devon coast than Swanage." They are making a railway, however, at Swanage, which will quite revolutionise the character of this little place. From Swanage people go on to Corfe Castle; there is many a carriage and car in waiting for the tourists. Every visitor to Bournemouth ought to get the late Mr. Banks, M.P.'s "History of Corfe Castle," which is a classic in topographical literature. It gives a careful history of the castle, including its heroic defence by Lady Banks in the time of the Civil War, and incorporating many valuable historical documents. The slopes and heights of the castle are favourite resorts for picnics, and the little local museum deserves encouragement and support. That great lawyer, Sir Christopher Hatton, so appreciated the healthiness of Corfe Castle that he got Queen Elizabeth to alienate it from the Crown lands in his favour. On the other side of the peninsula of Purbeck is Encombe, Lord Eldon's place, with a climate very similar to Bournemouth and Corfe. There are interesting notices of the locality in the "Life of Lord Eldon." One day the Chancellor's grandson asked him what made him make choice of Encombe for a residence. The great Earl answered that he once knew a gentleman intimately whose health had been highly benefited by the climate, and the size and character of the place would suit him very much when he should cease to be Lord Chancellor. Lord Eldon used to speak of the "long columns of air" which he breathed. Once a fire broke out at the mansion. "My first care," he told a lady, "was the Great Seal; so by way of securing it during the confusion I buried it." The next morning, when I came to reflect, I could not remember the spot where I had put it. You never saw anything so ridiculous as seeing the whole family down that walk, probing and digging till we found it."

Or, if we make a land journey, a great many literary associations cluster around Heron Court, the seat of Lord Malmesbury. The founder of the family was the philosopher Harris, who wrote the



OUR BLUE JACKETS ON BOARD THE SHIPS OF 'THE DESERT
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AND THE NAVAL BRIGADE ON THE DESERT MARCH TO GUBAT—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

famous book entitled "Iliades," which has been called the most exquisite piece of reasoning since the time of Aristotle. When he went into the House of Commons, Charles Fox asked what he had done, and was told that he had written about grammar and harmony. "Why does he come here, then?" said Fox, "where he will find neither the one nor the other." His son was the first Lord Malmesbury, so well known in the foreign diplomacy of this country, and whose "Correspondence" threw so much light on former relations of our country with the Continent. He was the ambassador who negotiated the marriage of Caroline of Brunswick with George IV., and his account of her when in residence at her father's Court is one of the most authentic and curious records of history. In 1870 two more volumes were published, being "Letters to his Family and Friends," in which there is some allusion to Heron Court, the seat of the family in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth. The Shelley family have for many years had a residence in Bournemouth, and just within the porch of the church of Christchurch they have erected a marble monument, by Weekes, to their illustrious kinsman, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, with a well-known quotation from his works:—

He has out-soared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain;
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Shall taunt him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn,
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

Christchurch has its associations with a worthy and industrious man of letters, the well-known ecclesiologist, the late Mackenzie Walcott. He has written a history of Christchurch, well worth the attention of visitors to Bournemouth, which is electorally part of the borough of Christchurch, represented for many years in Parliament by Mr. Walcott's father. The Minster of Wimborne will also be visited, which is a chapter in stone and marble of our national history.

One very interesting association belongs to Bournemouth in connection with the poet John Keble, who in 1866 finished here his blameless and beneficent career. He used to come to different places on the south coast for his wife's sake in the last few winters of their lives. We find the poet writing to Mr. Justice Coleridge, the father of the present Lord Chief Justice:—"Altogether I very much wish that I could invest in a decent seaside house and garden somewhere in this climate, with a good aspect and within reach of a good doctor; but such a thing is more easily wished for than found." In the January of his last year we find him settled at Bournemouth:—"We do not at all repent of having come here, the climate has been unusually moist and mild, and we have comforts we could not have had at Penzance." It was his great delight to attend the daily services at St. Peter's, Bournemouth. As the seats were let he took one, but as he had a great dislike to pew-rents he never used it, and told the clerk to regard it as free. He sat in one place, and the window over that place has been filled with stained glass out of regard for his memory. It is in the south transept. In a compartment of the fourth division there is a likeness of the poet, and as there was an excess of funds a second window has been placed in his memory. His great monument is Keble College, Oxford, than which no statelier monument has been raised to any Englishman for centuries. "Down to little more than a week before his death he took his walks, seemed refreshed by them, and retained his old interest in the objects of nature around him; especially, it was noted by his young and loving companion, the ever-varying sea, the ships, the cliffs, the clouds, the sky." Mr. Keble died, somewhat suddenly, at Bournemouth, a few weeks before his wife, March 19, 1866, and the place has no worthier memory than of this saint and poet.

F. A.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FAIRLY musical, but not remarkable in any other way, is "Clouds and Sunlight," by Duncan Macgregor (Kegan Paul). The poems are of the subjective order, but contain no new thought, and it is not surprising when we find the author speaking of "the practice of making poetry" in relation to his own work. That is exactly what it is: there is no spontaneity, and the effect of the whole, however ingenious, is laboured.

We have not met for some time with a book that has pleased us more than "Somnia Medici," by John A. Goodchild (Kegan Paul). If we except "Damocles," which is painful, however powerful, there is nothing in the volume to which praise, sometimes high praise, may not be given. The author is, we think, a real poet, and if some object to a slightly morbid way of considering the seamy side of life, that may be surely accounted for by the close introspection which circumstances have forced upon him. Not that he wants humour—even if it be a little bitter; the description of Monaco reminds us not unfavourably of "Miss Kilmansegg." "Under the Laurels" and "In a Studio" are fine poems, though the subjects are as ghastly as could well be conceived of; equally weird, though not so horrible, is the "Tale of Rabbi Joseph," taken from De Quincey. And Dr. Goodchild deserves the sympathy of every reasoning being for his manly protest against the senseless destruction of old landmarks which goes by the name of "restoration," forsooth! "Honour" is a noble poem throughout—even if it does suggest "Maud," it might suggest a worse model; the passage beginning "Child, is it pain to be dying?" is particularly good and tender.

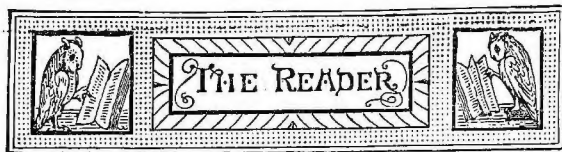
A volume of pious but unequal verse of the ordinary calibre is "Foursquare, or the City of our King" (James Nisbet). It is anonymous, but will probably suit the tastes of many readers.

Messrs. George Routledge and Sons issue, as the new volume of their series, "Morley's Universal Library," a very good edition of Chapman's translation of the "Iliad," with a clever and thoughtful introductory essay by the editor. It is to be hoped that others of the translator's works may follow.

An extremely handsome volume, well-fitted for presentation, is "Life Songs," being original poems, illustrated and illuminated by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford and the Countess of Tankerville (James Nisbet). Many of the smaller drawings are perfectly charming, whilst the borders recall some of the glories of the old missals. The verses, which are mostly anonymous, are melodious, and well fitted for their object.

We have derived so much pleasure from "A Summer Christmas," by Douglas B. W. Sladen (Griffith, Farran, and Co.), that it seems almost ungracious to take any exception, and indeed there is little calling for other than praise. We should have wished the "novel in rhyme"—for which the author disclaims the appellation of poetry—in a rather less monotonous metre, but then we are not such fervent admirers of Mr. Coventry Patmore as he professes to be; in places also a little more polish might have been desirable. The idea is a good one: a party of friends and relations, assembled to keep Christmas at the Antipodes, determine to emulate the heroes and heroines of the "Decameron," but the scheme resolves itself into one of their number, the Professor, being appointed story-teller in ordinary, whilst the others choose his subjects. In this manner are introduced a series of romantic poems in various measures, though the heroic preponderates, all of them good, and some rising to a high order of merit. Mr. Sladen seems to be in his element in dealing with classical subjects—we like "Helen of Sparta" and "Odysseus" best of anything in the book—but at the same time he can do good work in other directions, as witness the story of Saida and the legend of Dunmaib's Raise. In the

setting of the poems the love episode of Lil and the Professor is graceful and sympathetic, though their courtship was something of the shortest. Altogether, the volume is a very pleasant one. We had hardly supposed, by the bye, that the old Puritan spirit would be so strong in Australia as to prohibit the telling of a story because it was Sunday evening!



It would have been impossible to produce a dull book about George Eliot with all her diaries and many of her letters to draw upon. Had the material been merely heaped together and printed without the aid of any shaping hand to give it sequence and supply explanations, the result would have been a book of great interest. But Mr. J. W. Cross has done his work with good taste, with discernment, and with the utmost reverence. "George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals" (3 vols.: William Blackwood and Sons) will long remain one of the most interesting books in the language. But it will never be ranked with the classic biographies, or with the few great autobiographies. Mr. Cross has let George Eliot tell her own story, by far the larger part of the volumes being occupied by extracts from her letters and diaries. These are arranged to form a continuous narrative, the pages being unbroken by headings. When an explanation is absolutely necessary, or when there is a hiatus in the materials, Mr. Cross has supplied the omission; his part of the work being distinguished from his wife's by indentation of the type. Such a method of presenting a great life has obvious disadvantages. It has not the force, the directness, the deep personal tone of the autobiography; and it lacks the symmetry, the balance, the reality which can be given to a life by a skilful biographer. We fear, too, that Mr. Cross has pruned a little too much, and that in his anxiety to omit everything which his wife would wish to be omitted, he has given us a George Eliot slightly idealised. But it is ungracious to quarrel with Mr. Cross because in giving us a good thing he has not given us the very best. His aim has been to complete the picture of George Eliot; and as her published books give a perfect picture of her intellect he intends these letters and diaries to illustrate "another side of her nature—not less important, but hitherto unknown to the public—the side of the affections." Miss Mathilde Blind's excellent monograph in the "Eminent Women" series has already told the public all that it is necessary to know of the outward life of George Eliot. Her early novels are, it is well-known, to a large extent autobiographical. Her father, Robert Evans, lent many traits to Adam Bede and Caleb Garth; her mother was not altogether unlike Mrs. Poyser, Maggie Tulliver's relations with her brother and many of the incidents of her childhood are taken with considerable fidelity from Marian Evans' own early years. Her first serious religious leanings were strongly towards Evangelicalism; but when in 1841 she made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Bray, his wife, and the Hennells, her views rapidly changed. With her translation of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," she finally adopted heterodox opinions, which crystallised in later life into a tranquil Positivism, though she was never an unquestioning follower of Comte. In 1854 occurred her union with the late George Lewes, and in September 1856 George Eliot made her first attempt at fiction, the story being "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton." From that moment her position in English literature was secured. A number of interesting views and portraits enrich Mr. Cross's volumes.

Not long since a new work was announced to be issued under the authority of the Theosophical Society. The book, it was said, was the work of two persons, who had been inspired by the Brothers of Thibet. Their manuscript, left out at night, was found mysteriously corrected with blue pencil marks in the morning. Such was the story; and "Man: Fragments of Forgotten History," by "Two Chelas" (Reeves and Turner), is, we presume, the book which was referred to as being produced under such unusual circumstances. "Man" deals with points of the esoteric doctrine which Mr. A. P. Sinnett, when expounding the general aspects of the system in "Esoteric Buddhism," left unexplained. The "Chelas" tread firmly on ground where for ordinary persons no roads exist; they speak with an air of authority of matters beyond the reach of any present science; they turn the light of positive knowledge into regions given over hitherto to mere speculation. They explain what happens after death to the seven principles of which man is composed; they show that the fifth is now the predominant one of the seven great races which are to occupy this planet during the present life-wave; they explain the growth of religion and language; they set forth at length the facts of the evolution of sex; they present a scheme of evolution for the soul of man to be carried on, on planet after planet—and all this they teach, not, it must be remembered, as theory, but as positive fact, well known for centuries to the Mahatmas of Thibet, and now communicated by these highly-endowed beings for the enlightenment of the Western world. View it as we may, the theosophical movement is interesting. If the doctrines be true, it is impossible to over-estimate their importance; if they are but fiction agreed upon, then are the inventions most ingenious.

Some persons may find themselves aided in arriving at a conclusion on the matter by studying a pamphlet just published by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is entitled "Some Account of My Intercourse with Madame Blavatsky from 1872 to 1884," and is written by Madame Coulomb. Madame Coulomb is a lady who, according to her own account, seems to have been all her life in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. When the fortunes of herself and her husband were at a very low ebb they were befriended by Madame Blavatsky in India, and were put in charge of the head-quarters of the Theosophical Society. At that time Madame Blavatsky's name was prominently before the public in India in connection with certain phenomena called "occult." It was claimed for her by her friends that she had remarkable powers over the forces of Nature; that she could of her own will transport letters and other objects for miles through the air; that she could produce the sound of a bell in the air anywhere; that she could "create" cups and saucers, and do many more marvels by aid of powers over Nature gained during a long training in occult science in Thibet. Madame Blavatsky's powers were as implicitly believed in by some as they were contemptuously derided by others. Last year Madame Blavatsky came to England, leaving Madame Coulomb and her husband in charge of the head-quarters at Adyar. From their post at Adyar, M. and Madame Coulomb were soon afterwards dismissed by the Council of the Society for alleged bad conduct. Then came the much-talked-of *exposé*. Prompted by the editor of the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, Madame Coulomb has published a number of most cynical letters, purporting to be by Madame Blavatsky, and giving a remarkable picture of the way "occult" phenomena are produced for the deception and conversion of the simple. It is but fair to say that Madame Blavatsky most indignantly denies the genuineness of the letters, and that she has now gone to India for the purpose, we believe, of prosecuting Madame Coulomb for libel. It may well be hoped that considerable light will be thrown upon the whole question of the alleged theosophical pheno-

mena by the researches of the gentleman who has been sent to India from England by the Society for Psychological Research to inquire minutely into the whole circumstances.

It is seldom that the reader encounters a more amusing book of travels than "Through Masai Land," by Joseph Thomson (Sampson Low). We speak first of the amusing character of the book, for that is the quality which first strikes the reader. Though Mr. Thomson is a Scotchman (and takes care to let the reader learn that fact more than once), he has a keen sense of fun. His narrative is rattling and lively, and there is an adventure on every page. Narrow escapes are encountered so often that it almost appears that Mr. Thomson is what the natives declared him—a great lybon, a medicine man with powers over life and death. So amusingly are the adventures told that one is apt to overlook at first the serious character of Mr. Thomson's mission and the importance of the results he achieved. After a brief introductory account of previous feats of exploration in East Central Africa by Krapf, Rebmann, Von der Decken, Hildebrandt, and others, Mr. Thomson tells how he himself was commissioned in 1882 by the Royal Geographical Society to organise and command an expedition to "ascertain if a practicable direct route for European travellers exists through the Masai country from any one of the East African ports to Victoria Nyanza." "Through Masai Land" is the account of this expedition, which was ultimately completely successful. The shores of Victoria Nyanza were reached amid tumultuous rejoicing and gun-firing on the part of the brave little caravan. Of the Masai Mr. Thomson gives a full description. They are a savage, bloodthirsty, and uninteresting people, living only to kill their enemies (and their friends too, at times), and when dead they are contemptuously flung out for the jackals to feed on. The history of the life of a Masai from his birth till the hyenas have him is a clever, animated piece of writing. At one time the Masai hostility nearly caused the abandonment of the expedition. Mr. Thomson, however, had the usual Scotch persistence; and in spite of fevers, desertion, treachery, and dangers of all sorts, he succeeded in carrying out his object. His book adds much to our knowledge of Central African geography and sociology.

How long it will be before journalism becomes an organised profession no one can say with any certainty. But with its daily growing importance its proper organisation must soon commence. The establishment of the National Association of Journalists perhaps marks the first step. More than one handbook for journalistic beginners has been published, and two more works of the same class are before us—"Practical Journalism: How to Enter Thereon and Succeed," by John Dawson (L. Upcott Gill), and "Literary Success: A Guide to Practical Journalism," by A. Arthur Reade (Wyman and Sons). These books are of quite equal value. The outsider may learn much from both. Some, however, may question the soundness of Mr. Reade's dictum, "The best preparation for literature is journalism;" for literature and journalism are almost opposing forms of mental activity, and the man who distinguishes himself in one rarely, if ever, excels in the other. It is noteworthy that Mr. Reade has thought it necessary to devote a chapter to the interviewer (without quotation marks) who has been successfully transplanted to this country by the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Concerning that editor's powers of remembering the substance of a conversation we read, "the report of the interview which was the means of securing the despatch of General Gordon to the Soudan was dictated entirely from memory at two o'clock in the morning, after a long and fatiguing day."

"Notes on Rescue Work," by Rev. Arthur Brinkman (G. J. Palmer, 32, Little Queen Street), is an altogether admirable little book. It is entirely free from cant and false sentiment, looks the question well in the face from the most practical point of view, and yet is animated throughout by the strongest religious faith.



MESSRS. DOOSEY AND CO.—Two fairly good and very sentimental songs, music by Frank L. Moir, are: "Can It Be True?" for which he has also supplied the words; and "Do You Think of Me?" words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.—There is a quaint yet tender pathos in "Two Thoughts," words by Dudley Sampson, music by Lady Arthur Hill. This song, of medium compass, merits a good place in a concert programme.—A very charming song, which will please wherever it is sung with due feeling, is "May Margaret," written and composed for a mezzo-soprano by Theo. Marzials.—Suitable for a Musical Reading or a Popular Concert are, both words by G. W. Southey, and music by Louis Diehl, of "Steady and True."—A nautical song, with a tragical end, is "The Cumberland," words by Longfellow, music by Charles Marshall, written for a bass voice. Of the same sad type is "Our Last Waltz," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy; published in C and D. This pleasing melody has been arranged as a waltz by Georges Lamothe.—The above *collaborateurs* have also produced a ballad of the domesticated type, entitled "Saturday Night," through which runs a vein of sadness. This ballad will surely become a general favourite.—Both words and music of a piquante little song, "A Penny for Your Thoughts," words by T. Malcolm Watson, music by Cécile S. Hartog, are very pretty, and well suited as a response to an encore.—Already well-known and popular is "A Thousand Leagues of Foam," from Audran's new *Fleur d'Oratoire* ("The Grand Mogul").—From the same source a set of Quadrilles and a Waltz have been adapted from the favourite airs by O. Métra; whilst Carl Milton has arranged a very nice set of Lancers on the leading themes.—No. 80 of "The Cavendish Music Books" contains eight pieces by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett. A shilling could not be better spent than on this admirable collection.

MESSRS. WEEKS AND CO.—No. 9 of "School Series of Part Songs," published by this firm, edited by Sidney Russell, is "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" arranged for two voices, whilst No. 10 is the same arranged for four voices.—No. 39 of "Series of Glee and Part Songs" is a very melodious composition, by Mary Carmichael, entitled "A Single Star In the Rosy Sky," for two soprano and two contralto.—"Love or Laurels" is a pleasing poem from the *Australian Graphic*, and has been set to appropriate music by H. Priestley Greenwood.—Of a brace of songs, written and composed by E. Oxenford and Alfred H. Digby, "The Fearless Knight" is spirited, but boastful, for a bass voice; "Parting Words" is a depressing song for a contralto.—Very good advice is contained in "Speak Kindly," a song for a tenor or a soprano, written and composed by L. Man, Esq., and H. F. Henniker, A.R.A. Mus.; an obligato accompaniment for the violoncello adds to the interest of this song.—"Good Bye, Old Year!" words by "Leo," music by W. R. Colbeck, will not add much to the fame of either poet or composer of this song.—"The Cavalier's Whisper" is a bright little love ditty, written and composed by W. C. Bennett and E. Verano.—There is nothing very new or original in four pieces for the pianoforte. Best of the group are: "The Merry Foresters' Bourrée," by A. H. Bonser; and "Havanese Dances," arranged by Boyton Smith; "Albion March," by Eleanor Flower, is showy but commonplace; "La Petite Brunette," a valse caprice, by Auguste Duprez, is a very meagre specimen of its type.—Sprightly and danceable, "The Arboretum Polka," by James H. Sykes, will take a good position in the ball-room.

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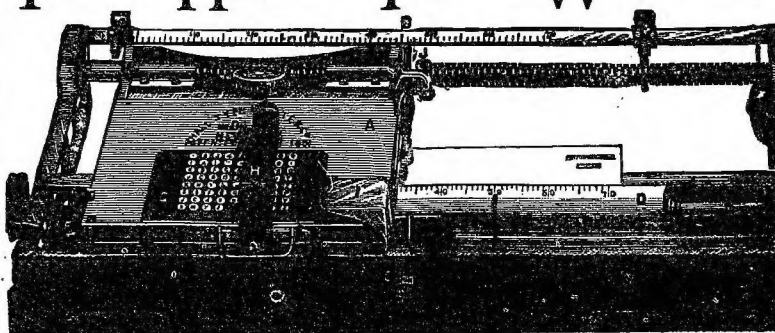
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